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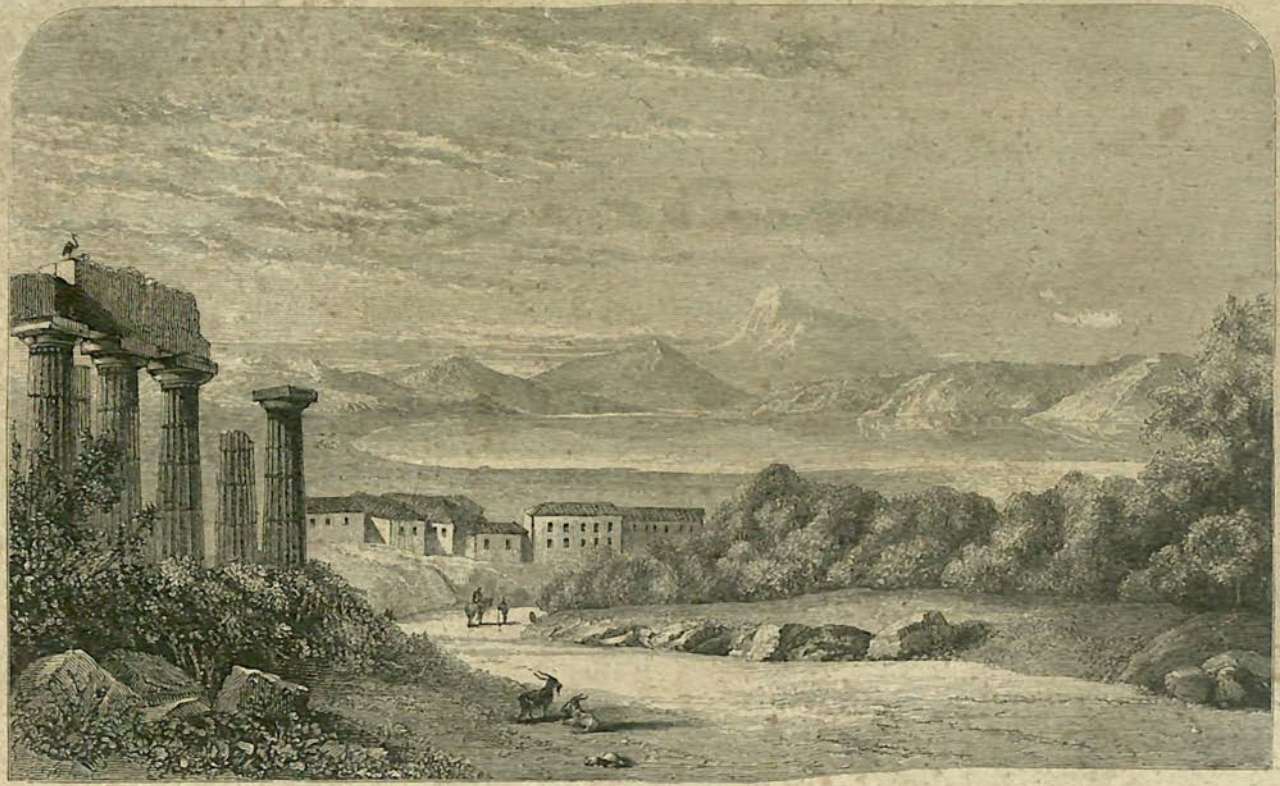
A CRUISE IN GREEK WATERS.



CORINTH.

A CRUISE IN GREEK WATERS

WITH

A HUNTING EXCURSION IN TUNIS.

BY

F. TRENCH TOWNSHEND, B.A.,

CAPTAIN 2ND LIFE GUARDS.

AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND MILES OF TRAVEL, SPORT, AND ADVENTURE."

• 58777
a.c.

LAKE OF TUNIS.

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TO

SIR GEORGE PRESCOTT, BART.,

THE EARL OF GOSFORD, K.P.,

ALEXANDER COCKBURN, 2ND LIFE GUARDS,

AND

CHARLES PRESCOTT, ESQ.,

MY FELLOW-TRAVELLERS IN THE EAST,

This Volume is affectionately Inscribed.

PREFACE.

THE favourable reception of the publication of my American travels has induced me again to appear before the public as an author.

The following pages embrace nearly the whole of the southern and eastern coasts of the Mediterranean, with which, by previous travel, I was tolerably well acquainted. To Spain this formed my third visit; to Algeria, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, my second.

Everywhere in the Sultan's dominions the old order of things is passing away, and efforts are being made to keep pace with Western progress; though that the Empire can permanently hold together I do not believe. To English influence the fact that Tunis has not shared the fate of

Algeria is generally attributed in the Regency; while the increasing prosperity of Egypt can hardly be considered likely to consolidate the power of the Sultan.

Late events have so fearfully illustrated the downward progress of Greece, that the whole world is now aware of the pitch of barbarism to which she has sunk.

That such a fine sporting-country as the Regency of Tunis should be so little visited by Englishmen is a matter of astonishment to me. With Firman and escort, readily granted by the Bey, the interior is perfectly safe; and that game is abundant, and the country admirably adapted for shooting and hunting, I have endeavoured to show in the account of the Regency included in the following pages.

WINDSOR, *May*, 1870.

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A CRUISE IN GREEK WATERS.

CHAPTER I.

LISBON.

DEPARTURE FROM COWES—BAY OF BISCAY—A CALM—SHOALS OF FISH—PORPOISE FLESH—LISBON—THE TAGUS—NATIONAL COINAGE—PORTUGUESE PEASANTS—CHURCHES—DRAINAGE—A BULL-FIGHT IN LISBON—THE NEGROES—A BULL-FIGHT AT SEVILLE—CINTRA—LEAVE LISBON.

"THE sooner we get to a warmer climate the better," was the remark made by one of the party on board the schooner yacht "Evadne," of two hundred and ten tons burden, as we rose from dinner and proceeded to smoke our cigars on the chilly evening of August 10th, 1869. The same cold north wind which chilled the summer air and called forth the above remark, filled our sails so well that we arrived at Plymouth the morning after our departure from Cowes. It was a decided relief when we reached the smooth water within the

breakwater, as the first night at sea is invariably a trying time, and even our sailors were the worse for the rough sea. At Plymouth, the various things which had been forgotten until the last moment were procured, and after a delay of two days we left that port with all the stores necessary for a six months' cruise in Grecian waters.

From the Scilly Isles to Ushant we had light winds. From there to Cape Finisterre a rattling breeze from the north sent us scudding across the Bay of Biscay, with every sail set, at the rate of ten knots an hour. Occasionally the top of one of the long pursuing waves would break over the stern—a gentle hint, as it were, of what they were capable of when lashed into fury by one of those storms for which the Bay is so notorious. While still a considerable distance from the land, we were boarded by a swarm of black flies, with a most venomous bite, which gave us no peace day or night. Through flannel trousers and coat they bit as easily and sharply as on the bare hands or face. They swarmed all over the yacht for twenty-four hours, when they disappeared as suddenly as they had come. Off Cape Finisterre the wind gradually died away,

leaving us, when about fifty miles from the mouth of the Tagus, becalmed for nearly twenty-four hours. The little stormy petrels which had been our constant companions across the Bay, deserted us as we neared the land. They were succeeded by porpoises, sharks, and whales, affording occupation for both harpoon and rifle, as we rolled about in the long swell of the Atlantic.

Several porpoises fell victims to the harpoon as they darted under the bows of the yacht. Having been hauled on board, they were skinned and hung in the sun, being considered by the sailors very good food. The flesh was nearly black, and had an oily and repulsive appearance; but notwithstanding this, the slain porpoises furnished our sailors with several abundant if not very dainty meals.

Though porpoise flesh is not at the present day a valued dish, and if served at a gentleman's table the odour would probably drive most of the assembled company out of the room, three hundred years ago it was considered worthy of the Royal table. Recipes of that time recommend that the flesh should be roasted, and served with sauce made of bread-crumbs, vinegar, and sugar.

So long were we in sailing the last fifty miles that it was not until the evening of the seventh day from Plymouth that we reached the mouth of the Tagus; where, having taken a pilot on board, we proceeded up the river, casting anchor before Lisbon as the church clocks struck midnight. The warm breeze which blew from the shore, making the night oppressively hot, convinced us that we had at last reached the wished-for "warmer climate," and for many a day and night afterwards one breath of the cold north wind would have been a perfect godsend.

The following morning we made our first acquaintance with Lisbon, one of the most picturesquely situated towns in Europe.

Extending along the right bank of the Tagus, which in front of the town is from one to three miles in width, Lisbon is built in the form of an amphitheatre, covering several hills. On the opposite bank of the Tagus are forts and the Quarantine buildings, steam-ferries constantly running between the banks. Around us, ships of every nation lay at anchor, while river steamers and gaily painted feluccas, their high beaks rather resembling

the Venetian gondola, darted about with their picturesque lateen sails, laden with melons and vegetables for the Lisbon markets. The animated scene presented by the river, the beauty of its banks and the brilliancy of the sunshine, made us delighted with our first view of the capital of Portugal. Like many other southern towns, however, Lisbon looks best at a distance. The streets are narrow and awfully steep, the houses mean and in great need of repair. Few cities present such an appearance of poverty, from the ragged wretches who beg in the streets to the trumpery jewellery exhibited for sale in the jewellers' shops.

If the wealth of a country may be judged by the coin in which the exchange is quoted, then Portugal must indeed be a poor country. The reis, four thousand five hundred to the pound sterling, eighteen and three quarters to the penny, is the coin in which the price of everything is named. Before the very small value of the coin was fully impressed on our minds, we were rather startled at finding that our bill for dinner at the Braganza Hotel amounted to fourteen thousand reis. When, however, we came to reduce this apparently

enormous sum to English money, it was found three guineas was about the equivalent.

Among the quarter of a million inhabitants of Lisbon, that portion of the population which is usually called the fair sex are less favoured by nature than in any other capital I have visited. Though the weather was broiling hot, the country-women were generally wrapped up in huge cloth cloaks, worn over the head in the same manner as the Irish peasant women. A red petticoat, snub nose, and black or red hair, completed the likeness between the two, the dark complexion of the Portuguese women alone showing that they live under a warmer sun than ever shines on the watery island of Erin.

The complexion of the men is dark to a degree which almost suggests consanguinity with some African race, while a large number of negroes from the former transatlantic possessions of Portugal form a conspicuous feature among the population of Lisbon.

But one roofless church now remains to mark the destruction caused by the great earthquake of 1755, when over thirty thousand people perished, and the

greater part of the town was destroyed. Among the numerous churches few are worth the trouble of a visit, gold being used in the decorations of the interiors in great profusion, but the worst possible taste.

At the church of San Roque, where we went to hear high mass, the service lasted two hours, during the whole of which time we had to stand in a stifling atmosphere, the service being varied by long selections of music badly played by the string band, and an animated, though to us incomprehensible, sermon in Portuguese, preached by a Carmelite monk, with violent gesticulations. The chapel of St. John, however, is worth seeing, its magnificent decorations of amethyst, lapis-lazuli, and alabaster, valued at a million sterling, being thrown open to public view after high mass, the curtain which usually is drawn across the entrance being then removed.

The church of St. Jerome, at Belem, exhibits both internally and externally wonderful specimens of carving, but since the suppression of the monastic institutions the church has been uncared for, and appears in a fair way of going to ruin.

The sanitary arrangements of Lisbon would

appear to be particularly bad from the awful stench which proceeded from the river, near the quays. At night, when we came down to the landing-place to proceed on board the yacht, the fearful smell absolutely sickened us, yet the natives strolled up and down the promenade along the river, or sat on benches playing the guitar, apparently quite unconscious of any unpleasant odour. As we lay well out in the river, some distance off the landing-places, we were free from the nuisance, which appeared to hang about the quays only.

In Portugal, as in Spain, bull-fights are the favourite amusement of all classes, but in the former country the sport is now confined to what would more properly be termed bull-baiting, affording a less disgusting though certainly less exciting spectacle than the genuine Spanish bull-fight.

After attending high mass, we finished our Sunday at Lisbon in the orthodox Catholic manner, by attending a bull-fight in the Amphitheatre, situated at some distance inland from the river. The prices paid for tickets vary according to the position of the seats in the circus, those exposed to the burning heat of the sun being the cheapest, while those in

the shade throughout the performance are the dearest. Having secured a box in the latter position, we found ourselves, on reaching our places, on the grand tier close to the Royal box. In this box were the King and Queen, with two of their little children and some officials of the Court. The whole of the Amphitheatre, which is capable of accommodating many thousand spectators, was crammed from the arena to the highest tier. Many of the Portuguese noblesse were present. Among these we observed the same want of female beauty that had been so apparent among the lower classes, the only really pretty women in the boxes being French and Spanish. At the sound of a trumpet the human combatants entered the arena, attired in the usual gay dresses, covered with gold and silver embroidery, silk stockings and satin shoes. The company consisted of a number of banderilleros, chulos, two picadors attired in embroidered upper garments, yellow leather breeches and jack-boots, and mounted on really excellent horses, and four negroes in parti-coloured dresses. Advancing to the Royal box, the company saluted the King and Queen, and then retired to their respective posts.

When not engaged in the arena, the company retire within the narrow passage which runs round the arena, separated from it by a strong wooden barrier six feet high, another barrier separating this passage from the lowest seats of the spectators.

At the sound of a trumpet a door was opened, and a fine black bull trotted into the arena, brought from the country estates of a Portuguese noble on the borders of Andalucia. According to the Portuguese custom the bull's horns were tipped with wood, thus preventing him from inflicting deadly injury on either man or horse.

I know few more exciting moments than the first rush of the bull, when after standing for a minute in the middle of the arena pawing the sand, and bellowing, he selects an enemy, and with lowered head and tail erect charges him. With wonderful agility the banderillero springs aside, planting his two spiked banderilles between the bull's shoulders as he passes him. Maddened by the pain inflicted by these darts, decorated with their gay ribbons, the bull rushes at the chulos, whose only means of defence or offence consists of their bright-coloured mantles, with which they endeavour to distract the

bull's attention from the object of his vengeance. If the bull rushes on, the chulo vaults over the barrier, the bull's horn grazing his tights as he springs.

Several times, so active were the bulls, instead of being stopped by the barrier they sprang clean over it, one animal getting the greater part of his body over both barriers, his fore-legs resting on the front row of seats. Great consternation ensued among the spectators on the lower seats, but the bull was soon dragged back into the passage by the tail. When he springs into the passage, the chulos, &c., vault back into the arena, which the bull again reaches through a door opened by one of the servants.

After the banderilleros had sufficiently worried the bull with their darts and the chulos with their mantles, the picador entered, armed with a sort of lance, which when the bull charged was driven deep into his shoulder. The horses were not blindfolded as is usual in Spain, and appeared to be admirably trained. Though the wooden knobs on the bull's horns could not prevent his upsetting man and horse if he hit them fairly, such was the

dexterity of the rider that the bull's rush was always avoided and the lance driven home, a performance which was greeted with loud bravos.

When the bull became exhausted, instead of the torero entering with his spada or sword to despatch him, a door was thrown open and a dozen tame oxen driven into the arena, in company with whom the poor animal, his shoulders dripping with blood, allowed himself to be driven into a large pen, when a fresh combatant was admitted into the arena.

After six bulls had been thus tortured to the delight of the spectators, the part of the negroes began, and being far more dangerous met with so much the more public favour.

First of all, armed with a spiked pole rather longer than the banderilles, they lay in a row on the ground on their backs, gradually pushing themselves along the sand towards the bull, whom they addressed by every opprobrious name they could think of. When the bull charged, at the moment that he lowered his head to toss one of the prostrate figures, a dart was dexterously inserted in the back of his neck, causing him to throw his head up, and instead of tossing merely trample on their bodies

—a sport at which the negroes laughed, and the populace applauded. They next sat on chairs in a semicircle, similarly armed, and were knocked over in turn by the bull's charges.

The last performance consisted in one of the negroes awaiting the charge of the bull and throwing himself between the horns of the infuriated animal, which he grasped round the neck, while the other negroes hung on to his tail, till the bull, unable to rid himself of his tormentors, fell exhausted on his knees. One negro missed his mark when endeavouring to throw himself between the horns, and being caught on one of the wooden knobs on the point of the horns was hurled a considerable distance. A general rush of chulos waving their mantles distracted the bull's attention from the insensible body of the negro, who soon after was helped on to his feet and managed to limp out of the arena, the blood dropping from his mouth. When the poor devil was tossed, the cries of "Bravo, Tauro," were tremendous, and showed that only the law of the land, and not the natural taste of the people, prevented the real bloody Spanish bull-fight.

One glorious Sunday in May, a few years ago, I witnessed one of the latter exhibitions in the great arena at Seville, where fifteen thousand spectators were frantic with delight as they witnessed the cruel death of fourteen horses, seven bulls, and the maiming of a picador. The latter narrowly escaped death. Falling under his disembowelled horse, the bull attempted to gore him, but fortunately for the picador, instead of the horn piercing his body, the point passed under his waist scarf and he was tossed, bleeding and senseless, right over the barrier into the passage between the arena and the lower tier of seats. The whole scene was terribly exciting, though disgusting to a degree, and one that I should not care to see again.

When the inhabitants of Lisbon wish to see the real play with life, they go by rail to Badajoz, the capital of Estremadura, just within the Spanish frontier, where bulls are slain and horses eviscerated in the genuine Spanish manner. From Lisbon we drove to Cintra, distant about fifteen miles along an ugly and dusty road. The country was entirely devoid of trees, and, the harvest having been gathered, looked utterly burnt up by the summer

heat. Near the road runs the magnificent aqueduct which supplies Lisbon with water—I should say one of the finest aqueducts in the world. On several farms the oxen were employed in treading out the Indian corn in the old Eastern fashion, but, contrary to the command of Scripture, the "ox that treadeth out the corn" was muzzled. At every village where we stopped to bait the horses, we were quickly surrounded by a crowd of lame, blind, or diseased mendicants, who pestered us for coppers in a manner which proved they were no novices in the trade.

Half stifled with dust and heat, we at last reached Cintra, and, mounted on donkeys, rode up to visit the Moorish building, half palace half fortress, where the father of the present King of Portugal lives with his American wife. From the summit of the castle the view is glorious. At the foot of the precipice, on the brink of which the castle is built, stretch the green woods and beautiful gardens which belong to the Royal estate. Far below, the villas of the Portuguese nobles nestle among the orange groves, and away in the distance is seen the famous battle ground of Torres Vedras.

The base of the promontory to the south and west is washed by the waves of the Atlantic, and the course of the Tagus is seen almost from Lisbon to its mouth. A number of English reside in the neighbourhood of Cintra, the natural beauty of which is no doubt heightened by contrast with the ugly parched country which has to be traversed before reaching its "variegated maze of mount and glen."

Having visited the Royal stables, the Torre of Belem, and other sights in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, we found that after a week in the Tagus nothing more remained to be seen, so a bill of health was procured, a pilot engaged, and all preparations made for proceeding on our cruise.

CHAPTER II.

GIBRALTAR.

HARPOONING FISH—A STORM—CAPE SPARTEL—LYING TO—STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR—RULE OF THE ROAD AT SEA—TANGIERS—GIBRALTAR—THE FLEETS—THE LEVANTER—STREETS OF GIBRALTAR—BRITISH UNIFORM—THE GALLERIES—THE MONKEYS—SMUGGLING—WANT OF WATER—CRABS.

About midday, on the 24th August, we hove up anchor, set all sail, and tacked down the river against a fresh breeze. Off the mouth of the Tagus the pilot left us, and standing out to sea we directed our course for Cape St. Vincent. Meeting very light breezes the heat steadily increased as we got further south. The hottest day the thermometer registered 84° Fahrenheit at 6 A.M., and 90° at 2 P.M.

Off Cape St. Vincent, the sea being calm, we were surrounded by an extraordinary number of shoals of fish, consisting of porpoises, dolphins, bonitos, whales, and sunfish. The harpoon was quickly fitted up, and for some hours afforded us capital sport.

Off Cape Trafalgar a strong breeze sprang up from the east, rapidly increasing in force, till it blew a gale, compelling us to take in sail after sail, house the top-masts, and get up storm-sails. Finding that the Levanter, or east wind, blew with such force through the straits as not to admit of our carrying sufficient sail to beat, we were forced to run for the African coast, and seek shelter to the west of Cape Spartel, the north-west point of the state of Morocco. There we lay to for the afternoon and night, safe from the storm which increased in force as the sun went down, though the manner in which we rolled about made sleep rather difficult and daylight welcome. This process of lying-to was one which, later in the season, we were often forced to submit to. Though the delay was always annoying, with just enough head sail to keep us up head to wind, and tiller lashed midship, we rode out in safety all contrary gales, never losing a spar during the entire cruise.

At sunrise, the wind having decreased sufficiently to allow of sail being set, we commenced to beat down the straits through which the current always runs strong from the Atlantic into the

Mediterranean. On our first tack we were near being run down by a steamer showing no colours, though we supposed her to be a Spanish vessel. Though we were beating to windward, the steamer continued her course straight down the straits, not giving way as she should have done. There was not a soul visible on her decks except the man at the wheel, and when we were compelled to go about to avoid being run down, we had gone some distance on the other tack before anybody appeared in answer to our shouts.

During our cruise we several times met steamers going a-head full speed, without any watch of any sort being kept; and so unwilling are they to give way when it is evidently the rule of the road they should do so, that I only wonder more collisions do not take place. Tacking back towards the African shore we ran close to Tangier, a walled town, with flat-topped houses, rising one above the other, on the western side of the bay. An hotel has lately been started here by a retired English non-commissioned officer, which is much resorted to by the officers quartered at Gibraltar when they visit Morocco; and we were told it was

extremely comfortable. From Tangier we made Tarifa, on the Spanish coast, where we showed our colours according to a rule the neglect of which entails the firing of a shot, not always a blank one, across the bows of the offending vessels, from the Spanish forts. Again we stood across to the Apes' Hill, the ancient Mount Abyla, one of the Pillars of Hercules, the curious pinnacled mountain which guards on the African side the eastern entrance to the straits. Thence we stretched across into the Bay of Gibraltar, where we received pratique; and an officer from the admiral's ship being sent out to us with permission to go within the New Mole, we let go anchor close to the shore, after a voyage of five days from Lisbon. In the bay, and within the Mole, lay the iron-clads which form our Mediterranean fleet; and a couple of days later the arrival of the Channel fleet, still further increased the number of ships, whose huge iron sides, though magnificently imposing for their strength, can hardly be thought pleasing to the eye. Along the summit of the mountain of Gibraltar floated the light fleecy clouds, which always accompany the Levanter, a wind which, we were informed, had blown without

intermission for more than a fortnight, nearly stifling the unfortunate inhabitants of "the Rock," and producing a heat greater than had been known for years. Though at a distance the "hill of Tarik," the African conqueror from whom Gibraltar derives its name, looks bare and barren, we can see from the harbour that trees of various sorts are carefully planted on every level spot, while the steep sides of the mountain, which rises to a height of nearly fifteen hundred feet, are partially clothed with scrub, dwarf palm, and geranium, which relieves the eye and diminishes the glare reflected from the light grey limestone composing the Rock. Owing to the intense heat we never landed before late in the afternoon, when we were conveyed into the town on one of the regular Irish outside cars in use at Gibraltar, driven by a ragged sunburnt "scorpion," as the natives are termed by the English.

The narrow streets of Gibraltar we found crowded with officers and men of both branches of the service, the blue jackets from the combined fleets at anchor in the bay being even more numerous than the soldiers. The red or blue clothing of the British soldier was exchanged for a

uniform better suited to the intense heat of the summer, consisting of a white linen tunic, trousers and cap covered with a white puggaree, so as to protect the back of the neck from the sun. The unfortunate naval officers were compelled to wear the regulation blue frock-coat, looking strangely out of season, and doubtless feeling still more so during such broiling weather. There is but little to notice in the town, its only attraction being the curious medley of costumes seen in the streets—European, African, and Asiatic, each walking about in the dress of his own country. The hooked nose and long beard of the Jew are met so frequently, that the garrison must have but little difficulty in raising money on the usual liberal terms granted by the London Israelite, who tempts unwary subalterns by offering to lend any amount "on personal security" at cent. per cent. Notwithstanding the large garrison maintained at "Gib," there is no club. The one which formerly existed having broken up, the building now forms the Club-house hotel. The numerous messes to a certain extent make up for the want of a club; yet I should think time must hang very heavy on the hands of the officers during

the hot weather, when an evening ride to San Roque, or a stroll up and down the Alameda while the band plays, is the utmost amusement which the place appears capable of affording. The large amount of leave, and the winter amusements of hunting and cock-shooting, make "Gib" very popular quarters, and undoubtedly it is preferable to many of the horrible outposts to which the British officer is liable to be banished. Disagreeable as any exertion is when the thermometer stands at ninety degrees in the shade, we yet summoned up sufficient energy to visit the fortifications and works known as the Upper and Lower Galleries. Though the Rock is no doubt still impregnable, the improvements in the range and accuracy of the rifle have made the famous galleries facing the neutral ground less available for defence than was formerly the case.

The experiment was lately made of placing picked riflemen on the level plain below the Rock, whence they were directed to fire into the embrasures in the galleries. Such good practice did they make, that the rock inside the gallery, behind, above, and around the embrasures at which the

riflemen aimed, is starred all over with the marks of the bullets, showing what a poor chance the gunners would stand when serving the guns in the present unprotected state of the embrasures, shields of some sort being evidently necessary.

Armstrong guns of the heaviest calibre are now mounted on many of the batteries, while the weakest parts of the Rock have been strengthened by new works scarcely yet completed. On the mountain we saw great numbers of rabbits, which are strictly preserved, no permission being even granted to shoot them. As for the monkeys we saw no signs of them, though the Levanter was blowing, which usually drives them to the west side of the hill. These famous Gibraltar monkeys are now nearly extinct, their number being reduced to five, two of which have been lately brought over from Morocco, to save them from entirely disappearing. According to our guide's statement—an artillery sergeant—the monkeys have not bred for many years, and it is but rarely that the remaining ones are seen.

From the mountain a magnificent view is obtained across the straits of the African mountains, the

western spurs of the Atlas range, and of the Spanish sierras, stretching back inland to the north and west. Away to the east the blue waters of the Mediterranean extend to the horizon, washing the eastern base of the European pillar of Hercules, towards which a crowd of ships were scudding before the strong Levanter.

Gibraltar being a free port, tobacco is cheap, while in Spain it is a government monopoly, and is dear in comparison. Other articles, too, such as cotton, by their increased value in the Spanish market, make smuggling a most profitable business, and a large quantity of goods are continually being run from Gibraltar into Spain. On the occurrence of one of those Pronunciamientos which have been frequent in Spain, the opportunity presented by the temporary suspension of law and order is immediately seized, and every shop in Gibraltar is cleared out of its stock of tobacco, snuff, cotton, &c., which is hurried into Spain, thus avoiding duty and defrauding the Spanish revenue. Although no foreigner is permitted to reside in Gibraltar without some householder or consul being surety for him, still the place is crowded with scoundrels who

have taken up their residence on English soil for the good of their country, and to avoid the punishment they have merited. These facts may partially account for the extreme dislike shown by the Spanish government to our retaining possession of the fortress; besides which, their national pride is hurt, and the very natural wish entertained that Spaniards instead of Englishmen should hold the key of the Mediterranean in their hands. That the English nation should ever commit such an act of national suicide as to surrender voluntarily this key, now doubly important since the opening of the Suez Canal, would be incredible, had not the proposal been actually entertained very lately and found many supporters.

The necessary of life with which Gibraltar is worst supplied is water. No springs existing, the rain water has to be carefully collected in tanks. At the end of summer it tastes anything but nice, and produces diarrhœa among all new-comers. At the time of our visit, so scarce was water, owing to the large number of ships in the bay requiring a supply, that we had considerable difficulty in filling our own tanks on board the yacht. A

spring of good water had, however, been discovered near the neutral ground, whence the engineers employed in sinking the well expected to obtain an abundant supply. At the end of four days a change of weather took place, the wind going round to the west and bringing that delightful change in the air that causes the inhabitants of the Rock to call the west wind the Liberator. Instead of damp, oppressive heat, producing a peculiarly languid feeling, we had clear, bright weather, which effected a wonderful change on the spirits; and though the sun was equally hot, the temperature in the shade decreased fully ten degrees.

While lying in harbour, the shoals of fish which swam about were perfectly astonishing, the clearness of the water making them still more remarkable. Several nights our crew set nets regularly, but every morning found nothing in them but the heads of fish, the crabs having eaten all the rest of the body. So regularly did this happen, that they at last gave up setting the nets.

At the end of five days, having seen quite enough of Gibraltar, we left our anchorage and stood out into the bay, dodging about among the huge iron-

clads to get an offing. Then rounding the Punta d'Europa with a rattling breeze from the west, we ran towards Malaga, a glorious sunset flooding with its golden light the shores of Africa and Spain, and softening the stern outline of the fortress mountain, as we scudded rapidly out of those wondrous straits, beyond which no ancient ever dared to venture into the boundless western ocean.

CHAPTER III.

MALAGA—GRANADA.

MALAGA—PRODUCTIONS—CLIMATE—GREAT HEAT—TRACES OF THE REVOLUTION — MONASTERIES — REPUBLICAN SPAIN — MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THE RAILWAY—DILIGENCE TRAVELLING—LAJA—GRANADA—HOTELS—THE ALHAMBRA—SIERRA NEVADA—GIPSIES — DANCES — RETURN TO MALAGA — BECALMED IN A HEAVY SWELL.

THE favourable wind continuing during the night, we arrived off Malaga at sunrise the following morning, and entering the port, let go both anchors as far as possible from the town, where the tideless sea is polluted by the drainage. Alongside of us was anchored a fitting memorial of Spain's departed greatness, the decaying hulk of the last ship that ever sailed from a Peruvian port to Spain, while Peru was yet subject to the Spanish crown. Shipping from every quarter of the world crowded the harbour, busily and noisily taking on board their cargo of dried fruits, for the production of which Malaga is famous. The first of the year's crop of

dried fruits were just ready for export, the raisins, of which we were shown specimen boxes, being the finest I ever saw. Of dried Muscatel and other grapes, Malaga annually exports more than a million boxes, the produce of the vines which clothe the mountains and valleys for many leagues around.

The railway, which now connects Malaga with Cordova and Granada, has opened out all the magnificent wine-producing country through which it runs, and bids fair to make Malaga as great a port for shipping wine as Cadiz, which has hitherto had the lion's share of the trade.

At one of the principal merchant's wine stores which we visited, we tasted the various wines of Andalusia, Xeres, Montilla, Malaga, and Muscatel, and imitations of port and Madeira. The latter wine, we were told, was imitated for export to America, while the greater part of the port was sent to England. At any rate, the imitation wines were not at all to be despised, and were, at least, made from the grape, either fresh or dry, which is more than can be said of much of the stuff which passes for wine in the present age of food-adulteration.

The mountains, which form a semicircle round

Malaga, keeping away all cold winds from the north or east, make it a delightful winter residence for those in search of a mild climate, the temperature being equable, and higher than that of Nice, Rome, or Pau. In summer, however, the case is far different, the heat, as well as the productions in the neighbourhood of the sea coast, being tropical. Sugar cane and cotton, the cochineal insect and cactus on which it feeds, all flourish under the burning sun. The heat of the solar rays striking down on the deck of our yacht while lying in harbour was such as to make the pitch used in caulking the deck hiss and bubble. At night so close and still was the air that sleep was difficult, while the fearful stench which arose every evening on shore was enough to poison anybody sleeping at any of the principal hotels on the Alameda. From experience of Malaga in the early spring, I know that the weather is then delightful, while the winter's rains have to a certain extent purified the town; but if my choice of a summer's residence lay between Malaga and the West Indies, I should prefer the latter.

Many traces of the revolution and of the severe

fighting which took place in the town during the beginning of the year 1869 are still visible. The iron bridge over the nameless river which runs through Malaga, exhibited great holes through which the cannon balls had crashed, while the houses in the vicinity had most of them suffered to a considerable extent. When driving to one of the wine stores our road lay along the dry bed of this river, which in summer is used as a road. It serves also as a receptacle for all the filth of the town, which remains festering under the blazing sun till washed down by the winter rains.

The numerous open spaces in Malaga, about which are strewn the remains of what were formerly convents and monasteries, show the extraordinary revulsion of feeling which has taken place in the breasts of the formerly bigoted inhabitants of Catholic Spain. Priests are now treated with but scanty reverence; insult, and even personal violence, being now the portion of those to whom not long ago the head was reverently uncovered. In addition to the liberalism of the nineteenth century, to which Spain has at last awoke, and the infidelity which in many cases has accompanied it, hatred

to priestly rule has been caused by the discoveries made on the destruction of the religious establishments. We were told that a secret underground passage had been discovered between a convent and a monastery, situated on opposite sides of one of the narrow streets of Malaga, both of which were destroyed by the mob. In the graveyard of the convent the remains of newly-born children were found, and bad characters who lived in the neighbourhood are said to have disappeared since the monks were driven away. At Granada we heard of even worse discoveries having been made, cruelty and unchastity being universally laid to the charge of both nuns and monks.

Though many of the stories may be false, their existence proves that the old abject submission to the priests is gone for ever, while freedom of thought, or downright infidelity, appears now to be universally professed by the liberated Spaniards.

Whatever may be the form of government ultimately adopted in Spain, there is certainly in Andalusia a very strong republican party, who profess hatred for the nobles, and declare openly that a republic is the only form of government they

will submit to. Tales were told us of atrocities committed by the troops of the provisional government, during the suppression of the outbreaks at Malaga and Granada, which succeeded the revolution and dethronement of Isabella II. As our informants were, however, officers in the national guard, and professed republicans, their accounts were probably not strictly reliable.

Not only in religion and form of government has the Spaniard changed, but in habit, bearing, and dress the revolution is very remarkable, at least among the middle and upper classes. The extreme punctiliousness of manner which used to distinguish the Spaniards with whom I became acquainted six years ago, has now almost disappeared, and the haughty but poor Don who used to fast for a week in order that he might appear in fine cloth garments and cloak, and tall silk hat, has now given way to the more sensible gentleman who condescends to dress according to his means, and appears in coloured garments of cheaper material, and a round hat. The formal politeness which years ago at Seville induced a Spanish gentleman to offer me his breakfast, because being seated near me at table

in the hotel, he was served with that meal before I was, has become a thing of the past, and the traveller now meets with much the same sort of treatment that he does in any other country. Though the gradual disappearance from among the "cosas de España" of such peculiarities in Spanish manners and customs is in some things a gain, in others it is much to be regretted.

That most becoming of all national costumes, the black dress and mantilla of the Spanish ladies, and fan managed with matchless skill, is now rapidly disappearing, even in Andalusia, and French costumes and bonnets have done much to detract from that grace of form and dress which, rather than beauty, used to distinguish the Spanish women. Fortunately, the lower classes still retain in a great measure their gay and picturesque costume, and the guitar is as often strummed, and the dagger as often used, as in the days before the overthrow of the Bourbons.

The railway not being yet completed between Malaga and Granada, we had to make the journey partly by rail and partly by diligence, six hours of the former, and four of the latter conveyance.

On leaving Malaga the train which conveyed us passed through the fertile and finely cultivated valley of the eastern branch of the River Guadaljorce, vines monopolising the greater part of the valley. As we approached the more hilly districts, the canes, fruit, and olive trees disappeared, and vines clothed the whole country, hill and valley alike. Some of the grapes were already gathered; but on the greater portion of the vines the fruit yet hung in luscious bunches, making our mouths water with desire as we sped along nearly choked with dust and heat.

Through this vine-covered valley we passed into the wild gorges of the sierras, where the engineering difficulties which have been successfully overcome in the construction of the railroad were evidently of no ordinary sort. An immense number of deep cuttings have been made, and tunnels bored through the solid rock. In one spot, while boring a tunnel, an extraordinary rift in the heart of the mountain was discovered, the rock rising up perfectly smooth and perpendicular on the opposite side of the chasm. At Antequera, a considerable town, just north of the mountain range through which we had passed, we

had to leave the train and take the diligences, which were waiting to convey us to Loja, distant about twenty miles. Of these twenty miles of road the first ten was such that no one except a Spanish coachman would deem it possible to drive a team along it in safety. It was simply an old mule track which did duty for a coach road until the railway should be completed, having been slightly widened in one or two places, where such an operation was absolutely necessary.

The diligence was a good deal lighter than those generally used in Spain, but had the usual team of eight mules to draw it, harnessed two and two. After a deal of kicking and jibbing, cursing and shouting, we started off at a gallop, the diligence bounding from rut to rut, and swaying about on the unprotected edges of the precipices, until we felt convinced that nothing short of a miracle could bring us safely to the end of our journey.

On one of the leading mules was mounted a ragged postilion, with a pair of sharp spurs on his heels and a short whip in his hand. A runner armed with a huge stick, which he applied indiscriminately to the heads and ribs of the next

four unfortunate animals, dodged about from one side of the road to the other, getting only an occasional lift beside the driver. The driver on his part lashed the wheelers with a cruel looking ox-hide whip, while the conductor or mayoral, with a lap full of stones, pelted every mule in turn, and yelled at them at the top of his voice. Under these united powers of persuasion, the pace never flagged, nor did the loose pieces of rock which were scattered about, or the streams which had to be crossed with a drop of three or four feet into the river bed, ever check the furious pace. So severe, however, was the punishment inflicted on the unfortunate mules, that we could hardly refrain from interfering between them and their tormentors. Cruel treatment of the mule is however one of the "cosas de España" to which the traveller must harden his heart if he wishes to preserve his peace of mind. As for bodily comfort, unless gifted with a skin as thick as that of the rhinoceros, the various blood-sucking insects which abound in both diligence and railway carriage throughout Spain will be found to be an invincible preventative.

After ten miles of the mule track we gained the

high road, along which we rattled until we arrived at Loja, where we were again to take the rail for Granada. Beautifully situated at the entrance to the Vega of Granada, the country around Loja is a perfect garden, watered by the Genil, which runs below the town. Having to traverse the entire town and cross the river in order to reach the railway station on the further side, this difficult feat of coachmanship was accomplished in a manner which called forth our unbounded admiration.

So narrow are the streets that the wheels of our diligence grated against the walls of the houses on either side. We had frequently to turn down streets which crossed the one we were in at right angles, and the descent being precipitous, the difficulty of turning a coach and eight mules in such a narrow space may be easily imagined. Had we not actually sat in the coach, and seen the feat accomplished, with an amount of vocal and instrumental exertion truly astonishing to us, though the mules appeared used to it, judging by the wonderful manner in which they turned the corners, we should have considered the attempt an impossibility. At last we drew up at the railway station, and were

soon steaming across that Spanish Eden, the Vega of Granada, the beautiful approach to the famous old capital of the Moors.

Nothing can be cooler or more delicious in the hot climate of southern Spain than the situation of the two hotels recently built close to the walls of the Alhambra, under the cool shade of the fine trees which now cover the hill, a present from the great Duke of Wellington. Streams of water pour down in every direction, clothing the hill in brightest green, while a cool breeze sweeps down from the lofty peaks of the Sierra Nevada. In short a more delightful summer resort than the Washington Irving Hotel, where we lodged, it would be difficult to find, though the mosquitoes were certainly a slight drawback to the thorough enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*.

From our close vicinity to the Alhambra we were able to examine at our leisure that unrivalled specimen of Moorish architecture, whose every hall and court, Arabesque-covered walls, tower, vault, fountain, and pond, is surrounded with romantic memories of the bygone time when the Christian bowed beneath the Moorish yoke. The work of

repairing and restoring the interior of the Alhambra is at present diligently carried on, and gold, crimson, and blue now blaze on many of the walls as brilliantly as in the days of the Abencerrages, the stain of whose blood is shown on the marble pavement.

If no building can rival the Alhambra for grace of architecture, assuredly no view can rival that visible from its towers, or from the Moorish gardens of the Generaliffe, higher up the hill. Over the town of Granada and the fertile Vega, to the round hill called the "Ultimo Suspiro del Moro," where the defeated Boabdil wept as he looked his last on the towers of his fortress palace, and thence to the Sierra Nevada range, raising up into the blue sky its snow capped summits, the eye is never tired of gazing. Had history and romance not rendered every spot famous, the beauty of the view alone would repay all the trouble of a visit to Granada.

The unusual heat of the past summer was apparent from the fact that, though the Sierra Nevada rises to a height of twelve thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, only in two spots was any snow visible, and there in very small patches. That this was a most unusual circum-

stance our guides informed us, but everywhere we heard the same story, that such a hot season had never been known.

The gipsy quarter, on the opposite side of the gorge of the Xenil to that on which the Alhambra stands, with its strange population of outcasts, is one of the curiosities of Granada. On a hill covered with aloes and prickly pear are seen some caverns, and thin columns of smoke rising here and there from among this mass of foliage, indicate the subterranean dwellings of this strange race.

They are under a chief, who is held responsible for their good behaviour, and are considered by the Spaniards as little better than dogs. They were formerly exempt from military service, but are now compelled to contribute their share of men to the national army. Poverty and dirt are the chief features which distinguish their habitations, and it was some time before we could get rid of the fleas and other worse memorials of our visit.

For the sum of ten dollars we made an agreement with the chief to come up to our hotel in the evening and entertain us with a "funcion" or private performance of the dance called *romalis* in the

Gipsy language, *olé* in the Spanish. The performers consisted of seven of the Zingari or Gaditani, as they are called, four girls, two men, and the chief, a handsome Gipsy, who played the guitar with singular skill. The tambourine and the castanets form with the guitar the accompaniment to these curious dances, which are of unmistakeable Oriental origin, and differ but little from the dances of the Egyptian Ghavassee, which I have seen in Upper Egypt, or of the Syrian dancing girls of Damascus. Voluptuous movements of the body, arms, and hips constitute the greater part of the Gipsy dances of Spain, as they do of those of the dancing-girls of Egypt, Syria, and India; but the Spanish Gipsies have at least this to be said in their favour, that with all not of their own race they are strictly chaste, while to their eastern sisters such an epithet can hardly be applied. I think in both east and west a very short exhibition of dancing-girls is quite sufficient, as personal beauty is seldom one of their principal attributes. Though at Granada two of the girls were extremely pretty, at the end of two hours, when the performance concluded, we were all glad that it was over: in addition to

which the longer the dances lasted, the more expensive they became, as the ladies were most unblushing beggars, and at every pause in the performance, came round for money, which it was difficult to refuse to such bright-eyed coquettes.

We found Republicanism even more rampant at Granada than it was at Malaga, and volunteer drilling for the National Guard was the great order of the day. In the town the volunteer uniform was more numerous than that of the regular army, and was evidently far more popular. The destruction of religious houses was conspicuous everywhere by the open spaces in the narrow streets; while detestation of the government lately overturned and determination to stand no monarchical form of rule for the future, was openly expressed by all classes.

Rapidly and pleasantly the days passed at Granada under the shade of the trees which cover the hill of the Alhambra; the fountains in the gardens, the delicious fruits, the cool breezes, and the bracing mountain air, combining to make time fly only too quickly.

After visiting the superb tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquerors of the Moor, the sovereigns

for whom Columbus discovered a new world, and such other objects of interest at Granada as could be seen during the cool of the evening, we left with regret our comfortable quarters and once more steamed across the Vega, which a thousand fertilising streams have made the pearl of Spain. In order to ensure greater comfort on our return journey we engaged the whole of the diligence between Loja and Antequera, and, performing the journey at night, managed to sleep soundly while crossing the rough mountain mule track, being only occasionally roused when our heads came into violent contact with the roof or sides of the coach.

On our return to the yacht at Malaga, we found one of our crew so ill that we could not go to sea, and were forced to spend three more days in the stifling heat of the harbour. At the end of that time, as the doctor pronounced the man out of danger, no time was lost in preparing for sea. Some casks of most excellent Montilla, a wine which cost us about thirty shillings per dozen, were stowed on board, and several boxes of raisins as big as plums.

With a light westerly breeze we passed out of the harbour. Malaga, with its Moorish fortress

situated in a commanding position above the harbour, its cathedral, churches, and houses, slowly sank out of sight, while above the surrounding hills rose the distant peaks of the Sierra Nevada, with the two white patches where snow yet lay.

When about thirty miles from the land, the soft breeze fell and a dead calm succeeded, in which we lay for twenty-four hours rolling heavily. Occasionally dark banks of cloud rising in the south-west, and as suddenly disappearing, together with the heavy swell, showed us that away south it must be blowing a gale. With mainsail lowered and boom firmly lashed, we lay helplessly rolling, every timber creaking and groaning, for a day and night, in a manner that would make the veriest saint swear. At last a favourable breeze sprang up, to which every inch of canvas we could carry was spread, and quickly the sierras disappeared below the horizon, as we directed our course eastward towards Algiers, the place we next intended to visit.

CHAPTER IV.

ALGIERS.

ALGIERS—THE SCIROCCO—THE HARBOUR—THE TOWN—MOORISH ARCHITECTURE AND DRESS—FRENCH COLONISTS—RACE MEETING AT BOU-FARIK—HORSE BREEDING—THE BARB—ARAB TREATMENT OF HORSES—HARAS—FINE FRUITS—JARDIN D'ESSAI—TROPICAL VEGETATION—THE KABYLES.

On the second morning after losing sight of the Spanish mountains, a gentle breeze from the east carried us rapidly past the high cliffs of Cape Caxine, the western promontory which, with Cape Matifou on the east, forms the bay of Algiers. To the south the distant range of Mount Atlas was occasionally visible, where the higher peaks rose above the morning mist which floated over the hills at the head of the bay.

Passing, on our starboard side, the splendidly situated church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, built in the Byzantine style, we glided swiftly between the jetty and the fine new breakwater which protects

the entrance to the port of Algiers, taking up a berth at one of the Government buoys as the morning breeze died away, and the mid-day sun of an African summer sent the temperature of the air up to fever heat.

From the boatmen who quickly surrounded the yacht, we learnt that the heat for the last week had been so intense that many labourers had dropped down dead in the fields, the dreaded desert wind, the Simoom or Scirocco, having constantly blown. Fortunately the wind changed to the north-east the day after our arrival, and although the mid-day heat was unpleasant, the mornings and evenings were bearable.

As we reclined on cushions under the awning which was spread over the deck of the yacht, we watched with curiosity the strange mixture of Eastern and Western life presented by the inhabitants, buildings, and general surroundings of Algiers.

From a French steamer which had just arrived, little red-trousered and blue-coated soldiers scrambled down into gaily-painted shore boats with tremendous chattering and a torrent of *sacrés*,

and were rowed to the landing place by curly-headed negroes or ragged nondescripts, their flesh so browned with sun and dirt that it was impossible to decide whether they were French or Algerian.

Among the blocks of stone which formed the breakwater, naked little Arab boys were eagerly searching for the enormous prawns, more like small lobsters, which are found in Algiers Bay, but the flavour of which we found to be far inferior to that of the small European species.

On board a native craft at anchor near us a turbaned Moor was squatting on his hams, piously repeating his prayers as he turned his face eastward, frequently pressing his forehead to the deck.

On our own deck stood a copper-coloured gentleman, dressed in wide baggy trousers fastened in at the ankle, a wide silk sash round his waist, embroidered jacket and waistcoat, and a silk handkerchief thrown over a red fez, who presented himself to us as Mohammed by name, the best guide to Algiers and Algeria by profession, and the dragoman who was always chosen by the English milords

who arrived in yachts to accompany them through the country.

From the port, the town of Algiers rises up in the form of an amphitheatre, its white houses being likened by the French to "a vast quarry of white marble opened in the side of a mountain." From the Kasbah or old citadel of the Deys floats the tricoloured flag of France. Mosques with their crescent-topped minarets, churches decorated with the symbol of Christianity, French hotels and Moorish houses, present the most strange combinations, nor is the appearance of the neighbouring hills less incongruous. French villas with pointed roofs and green jalousies are scattered along the western side of the bay, nearly hidden by the luxuriant growth of palm, banana, cactus, and orange trees which fill the well-stocked gardens.

Though the view of the town from the water, and of the bay from the upper part of the town, is very beautiful, I think none but a Frenchman would say that it surpasses in beauty the Bay of Naples, with which they are fond of comparing it.

Landing as soon as the heat of the day had slightly lessened, we proceeded to the Hôtel de

l'Orient, where signs of the dull hot season were very apparent. The window shutters were closed, only one stranger was staying in the hotel, and the latest newspaper in the English language we could procure was a "Galignani" three weeks old.

In the lower town, were it not for the tall lean Bedouin in his white burnouse, and the veiled female shuffling along in her slippers and white linen wrappers, one might fancy oneself in a French town. Houses built five or six stories high, utterly regardless of the earthquakes to which Algiers is subject, broad streets and shops with those peculiar dedications, "Au Bon Diable," &c., under arcades suggestive of the Rue de Rivoli in Paris, have to an extraordinary extent Frenchified the old city of the Deys.

During the forty years which have elapsed since the French gained possession of Algiers the town has grown considerably, and altered still more considerably. The Place du Gouvernement, the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, the Port and the Quays, are all so many reproductions of French architecture on African soil. In all the principal towns of the colony which I have visited, from Oran in the west

to Bona in the east, French manners, customs, and architecture have almost obliterated the peculiar characteristics of Eastern cities.

In the lower or French part of Algiers, the arcades furnish shelter from the burning summer sun; but when compelled to cross a street, or when business took us to the fine Post-office on the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, even a momentary experience of the glare, dust, and heat fully convinced us that the Moorish architects understood what they were about when they built their streets so narrow, with projecting houses or covered ways, as to effectually exclude the rays of the sun.

Strolling into the upper or Moorish part of Algiers, we found ourselves in steep, narrow, and tortuous streets, where the fortress-like houses, with barred and latticed windows, allowed so little space for street traffic, that we had to step inside a doorway to allow a long string of laden camels to pass us. The turbaned Moor, sitting gravely smoking in the little square room in the wall which serves him for a shop, and waiting patiently till Allah sends him a customer, the ragged negro begging for backsheesh, the tall Bedouin in his white burnouse,

seated almost on the tail of his donkey, the veiled women,—all were in keeping with surrounding objects; and as we walked into the interior courts which exist in all Moorish houses, the graceful colonnades which ran round them, the tall palms, the marble fountains, and the jealously latticed hareem, showed us that a little of the East still survives at Algiers, not yet swept away by French improvements.

The evenings we spent in Algiers were the pleasantest hours of the day. Then, seated in front of some of the excellent cafés in or near the Place du Gouvernement, we imbibed iced drinks and listened to a military band which played on the Place, while a faint breeze blew across the Bay and cooled the heated air.

As the theatres were closed for the hot season, every inhabitant of Algiers crowded to the Place, forming a heterogeneous multitude, in which every shade of colour was represented, from the sickly white of some delicate-looking French lady to the ebony black of a negro from Timbuctoo. I observed in Algiers, as also in other parts of the colony during a former visit to Algeria, that the

children of the French colonists had generally a pale, sickly, and aged sort of look, indicative of a residence in a climate unsuited to them. As to the French colonists themselves, they regard their residence "en Afrique" as exile, and look forward to the time when they may have amassed money sufficient to enable them to return to France.

On the second day after our arrival, one of the September race-meetings was held at Bou-Farik, a town situated in the Mitidja, about five-and-twenty miles from Algiers, and an hour's railway journey on the Milianah line. These race-meetings have been established by the French Government to encourage the natives in the breeding of good horses, and are attended by tribes from all parts of Algeria, anxious to match the horses reared by themselves against those reared by some other tribe. So aristocratic are the Arabs in their notions, that thoroughbred horses, which are always the property of some native of distinction, Agha, Kaïd, or Sheikh, are not allowed to run against those of less distinguished lineage, whose riders may be of inferior rank to their own. In the "fantasia" alone is rank and race disregarded, and a general mêlée is taken part

in by everybody anxious to show off his own wild riding and the fine qualities of his horse.

The native horse of Algeria is not the Arab, but the Barbe, a race unsurpassed for service in the field, being able, as their Arab masters say, to endure hunger, thirst, and misery. Wiry little animals, rarely exceeding fifteen hands in height, generally less, were most of the horses we saw in this country. The cruel bit, with its long port, and spur consisting of a sharp spike six inches in length, sometimes fastened on to the shovel-shaped stirrup, sometimes strapped on to the foot of the rider, hardly appears to carry out the popular notion of an Arab's affection for his horse. In Syria I have seen an Arab armed with bit and spur jump on the back of an untrained colt and subdue all opposition to his will by sheer cruelty, urging the unfortunate animal to a gallop by plunging the long spikes into his sides, then bringing him suddenly back on his haunches by means of the terrible bit. Yet an Arab in his own way is doubtless fond of his horse, and money will hardly induce him to part with his mare; while the horse, on its part, by constantly living with its master, becomes attached to him to

an extent rarely met with in Europe. Depôts for stallions, on the principle of the French *haras*, have been established in different parts of Algeria, to which the French Government have sent stallions of the purest Arab blood; while those tribes which objected to send their mares to the *haras* have been induced to purchase stallions of the best blood, so as to improve the race of Barbe horses throughout Algeria.

Bou-Farik, where these races were held, is situated in one of the most fertile and best cultivated districts of Algeria, called the Mitidja, where the fertility of the neighbourhood makes the country resemble an orchard; fruit-trees of every sort, vines and olives, covering the ground which, before the French occupation, was an uninhabitable marsh, where fevers and wild animals held undisputed sway.

No country I have ever visited can compare with Algeria for the excellence of its fruits. The magnificent muscatel and other grapes, peaches, nectarines, and pomegranates which daily appeared on the breakfast table on board the "Evadne," rivalled in size and flavour the choicest productions of our English hothouses.

Among the numerous pretty spots in the neighbourhood of Algiers, none surpass the botanical gardens known as the Jardin d'Essai, belonging to a company who form a sort of acclimatization society. To these gardens, which are situated at a distance of four kilomètres from the city, at the head of the Bay, we had a hot, dusty drive through suburbs where cafés and wine-shops abounded, and thence through gardens where acres of ground were planted with the splendid-leaved banana, laden with its perfumed fruit.

Numbers of regular French omnibuses met us, driven by little blue-bloused Frenchmen, the interior crammed with white-robed Arabs, who seemed largely to patronise this Western conveyance. At the gardens the various tropical shrubs and flowers were covered with a bloom representing all the hues of the rainbow; the choicest productions of the East and far West—cotton, sugar-cane, tea, coffee, castor-oil plant, vanilla, &c., flourished luxuriantly; while as we wandered beneath magnificent avenues of palms of four or five different species, of bananas and bamboos, it required no great stretch of imagination to

fancy oneself transported to a South American forest.

The situation of the gardens, down by the sea at the foot of sheltering hills, enables these southern plants to stand the slight cold of an Algerian winter; while the summer heat, to judge by that of the evening on which we visited the gardens, falls little short of that met with beneath the equator. As we returned homeward we met a whole family of Kabyles mounted on camels and donkeys returning to their village in the mountains of the Grande Kabylie. The bare heads, blue eyes, and smaller height of the Kabyle easily distinguish him from the Bedouin Arab. While the latter is migratory and lives in tents, the former lives in a house, carefully cultivates the ground, and follows the different branches of industry necessary for the supply of his wants—the manufacture of wool, oil, arms, &c.

As they were formerly among the most devoted of the followers of Abd-el-Kader, and were the last to submit to the French, so they now form the staunchest supporters of French rule, resembling in that respect the Sikhs in our own Indian possessions.

The Kabyles or Berbers are the oldest inhabitants of Western Africa. They are supposed to be indigenous, and according to an Arab authority, are the sons of Canaan, the son of Shem, the son of Noah. At any rate, they are an industrious and intelligent race, with whom, in Eastern Algeria and Tunis, I gained a considerable acquaintance, and learned to value them far above the dirty, thieving, and treacherous Bedouin.

Notwithstanding the heat, it was with real regret that, at the end of a week, orders were given to proceed to sea the following morning; but time pressed, and we had yet much to see before November, when we hoped to reach Egypt.

CHAPTER V.

BUJEYA—PHILIPPEVILLE—BONA.

LEAVE ALGIERS—THE CORSAIRS—LAND BIRDS AT SEA—PIGEONS—UNDER THE SHADOW OF MOUNT ATLAS—GLORIOUS SUNSETS—THE STAR IN THE EAST—BUJEYA—TURTLES—FLYING FISH—STORA—PHILIPPEVILLE—SHOOTING IN ALGERIA—BONA—THE BORDER TRIBES—RAILWAYS—TOBACCO—ZEMBRA—GULF OF TUNIS.

On the morning of September 14th we unmoored ship, and hoisting all sail were soon dashing through the sparkling little waves of the Bay as they came curling in before a fresh breeze from the north-east.

Rapidly we approached Cape Matifou, the white houses of Algiers gradually receding, till only a white patch on the hill-side remained to mark its site. Round Cape Matifou a light east-north-easterly breeze obliged us to advance by a series of tacks, approaching sometimes so close to the rocky coast that we could see the native boats drawn up on the

shingle in sheltered coves. From many of these, not so very long ago, issued forth the dreaded pirates who scoured the Mediterranean from the Dardanelles to the Straits of Gibraltar; every unfortunate Christian who fell into their hands being condemned to slavery till ransomed. This organised system of piracy was recognised by the various treaties signed with the Christian Powers, and formed the principal source of revenue of the Algerine Government.

'It was not until 1816 that Lord Exmouth compelled the Algerines to put an end to Christian slavery, as many as seventy thousand unhappy Christians being then held in captivity.

Piracy was not, in fact, entirely suppressed till the insult offered by Hussein Pasha, the last Dey, to the French Consul, induced the latter Power in 1827 to undertake the conquest of Algeria. From these haunts of the corsairs we stood out to sea on the other tack, till the distant range of Mount Atlas almost disappeared through the blue haze which hung over the land. Birds of various sorts were constantly perching on the rigging of the yacht, appearing so exhausted that they could

scarcely flutter away out of reach of the sailors who tried to capture them. At one time a falcon, at another a turtle dove, or other smaller land bird, would seek rest for their weary wings. Having once got away from the land-marks with which they were familiar, it appeared that the natural instinct was wanting to guide them back to land. I have seen birds, when the land was only a few miles distant, but indistinct from the haze, fly from the yacht, directing their course away from the land, till finally they fell exhausted into the water. Between Tunis and Malta, a fine blue rock-pigeon was caught by one of the men on the bowsprit, unable even to flutter away, and lived for some time on board, until released off the coast of Greece. If a bird which is capable of such long flights over the land as the pigeon becomes bewildered when it finds itself at sea, I think we may presume that to birds of passage alone has Nature given the power to direct their flight across the sea, where land-marks are wanting, and instinct only can guide their course.

Of the many pleasant days I have passed at sea, in various quarters of the globe, I can remember

few more delightful than our September's sail along the shores of Africa, under the shadow of old Atlas, from the Atlantic to Tunis. The weather at sea was moderately hot, the thermometer marking at mid-day from 84 to 88 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade; while a constant though seldom favouring breeze filled our sails, saving us from the annoyance of lying becalmed.

Day after day the same unclouded sun sank into the sea, a ball of crimson fire, bathing in its glowing hues sea, sky, and mountain. As the sun dipped below the western wave, the colours of the succeeding after-glow became ever more and more beautiful, till they too gradually faded away as the grey night stole on. Then up rose a bright star in the eastern horizon, right before the yacht's bows, which quickly mounted up into the darkened heavens, whence, shortly after, an innumerable multitude of other stars shone out, making the night almost more beautiful than the day.

So heavy, however, were the dews which fell after sunset, that a thick coat or waterproof was necessary to save us from being wet through; and the morning light showed the sails, rigging, and

spars dripping with water, which soon disappeared as the sun rose. Before sunrise on the third morning we had rounded Cape Carbon, and were entering the Gulf of Bujeya, on the north-west side of which is situated the town of Bujeya, or Boujia. Scattered houses, nearly buried amid masses of orange-trees, pomegranates, prickly pear, and other fruit-trees, built on the southern slope of Mount Youraia, which rises abruptly above the town, cover a considerable extent of ground. But few vestiges remain of its ancient importance, as the town is now mean and poor, and its streets are narrow, steep, and deserted. The situation is, however, one of the most beautiful in Algeria, the mountain ranges which surround the bay stretching back, tier above tier, and assuming the most fantastic shapes, ever varying in form according to the point from which they are seen. The bright green foliage which clothes the sides of the hills which border the coasts of Algeria and Tunis, is kept always fresh by the sea mists which continually float over it, and at the end of the summer looks as green as it did in the early spring. After the barren, sun-burnt coasts of Portugal and Spain, the change is delight-

fully refreshing to the eye; while our after-cruise along the parched and treeless shores of Greece fully proved to us the mischief which has ensued from the foolish destruction of the natural timber that once clothed the coasts.

No harbour exists at Boujia, or, indeed, along the whole coast of Algeria east of Algiers, compelling vessels to anchor in bays where, during winter, they are exposed to such heavy seas that communication with the shore is often impossible. After a few hours' delay off Boujia, we again stood out to sea, experiencing the same lovely weather, but contrary winds. Off Cape Boujaroni, Ras Sebba Rous, or the Seven Capes, a number of turtle, playing about on the surface of the water, caused great excitement on board the "Evadne;" but unfortunately none were asleep, and no sooner did we approach within fifty yards of them than they dived down out of sight.

Early one morning we observed a large number of flying-fish, which, with the exception of one washed on board near Malta, and another shoal seen near Alexandria, were the only flying-fish I had ever seen in the Mediterranean during nume-

rous voyages in every part of that sea. In the Pacific and South Atlantic oceans the flying-fish are constantly seen skimming over the surface of the water, as numerous as swallows over the Thames at Midsummer; but so long were they in showing themselves in the Mediterranean, that we almost doubted their existence so far north, until we saw them off Cape Boujaroni.

Two days' sail eastward of Boujia found us running into the bay of Stora, the pretty little town which forms the port of Philippeville, or rather off which ships anchor when bound for that city, distant three miles and a half from Stora by land. The steamers which ply between Marseilles and Tunis touch first at Stora, where they delay three or four days, according to cargo and weather, before they proceed for Bona, where another delay of twelve hours enables the tourist to see something of eastern Algeria before arriving in the Regency of Tunis. A railroad is now completed between Philippeville and Constantine, one of the most interesting cities in Algeria, and the point whence the excursion south to the great desert is usually made.

At Philippeville we put up at the Hôtel de

France, a tolerably comfortable though far from luxurious inn, where we spent a couple of days when bound for a shooting expedition into the interior of Tunis.

The town is a regular French one, with broad streets, arcades, and places, filled with the usual motley population of the sea-coast towns of Algeria —Maltese, Italians, Moors, Arabs, and French. Among the latter the military element appears far more numerous than the civil, a strong garrison of infantry, artillery, and cavalry being quartered at Philippeville. The view from the town towards the west, comprising the bay of Stora, with its amphitheatre of green hills and calm blue sea, is remarkably pretty; and the picturesque valleys which run up among the mountains afford delightful walks in the neighbourhood. A dense scrub of myrtle, heath, arbutus, cork trees, little scrub palms, and other evergreens covered the hills, and among them we saw numbers of sportsmen in pursuit of quail, woodcock, or any other bird they could find, no lark or sparrow being safe from a Frenchman's gun. No person is permitted to shoot in Algeria without a "permis de chasse," yet the game in the country is

rapidly diminishing; lions and panthers appearing to be now nearly exterminated, except in the wild district on the southern borders of Tunis, while the accounts we received of small game shooting were not good enough to tempt us to delay in the country.

From Philippeville eighteen hours' sea brought us to Bona, where the usual Hôtel de France received us. Though the Place d'Armes and a few of the streets have a French air, the general appearance of the town is decidedly more eastern than Philippeville. The greater part of the streets are narrow and tortuous, and the native element is more conspicuous.

In the shops we found numerous heads and tusks of wild boar, and skins of lions and other big game. From the landlord of the hotel we heard that excellent shooting was to be had at about a day's journey eastward, near the frontier, an assertion which would appear to be true from the spoils of the chase exhibited in the town. The French Government object to travellers proceeding by land from Bona to Tunis, the lawless tribes of Arabs which infest the frontier making it impossible for

the Government to be answerable for their safety. When an offence has been committed on French territory, the offenders seek refuge in Tunis, and *vice versâ*, thus escaping the punishment they have merited, and making the journey by sea the only one practicable for travellers.

I found, as a rule, when travelling in Algeria, that the mountain scenery was far inferior in beauty to that of Switzerland, Spain, or Italy, nor can any part of Mount Atlas show scenery equal to some parts of the Alps or the Pyrenees. In colouring alone can Atlas bear the palm, and show tints more brilliant than its northern rivals.

The French diligences which ply between the principal towns and military posts are about as uncomfortable a means of conveyance as can well be imagined, nor can the steamers which run along the coast, east and west of Algiers, be recommended for the accommodation or style of living they afford to passengers. Railways are gradually making way, opening up the country and affording the only rapid and certain means of travel; as riding on horseback, though agreeable when fine, is slow, and in rainy weather is anything but pleasant.

Besides the fine fruits of Algeria, tobacco of excellent quality is grown, great care having been taken by the Government to procure seeds of the best species from America, Cuba, Syria, and Turkey. The leaf of the plants raised in the country is excellent for either cigarette or pipe, but when rolled into cigars I can only say that I prefer an Havanna. In winter a large quantity of rain falls in Algeria and Tunis, and the mornings and evenings are unpleasantly chilly. When running along these coasts on her return voyage in January, the "Evadne" experienced almost constant rain, while the mountains were covered with snow. While the summer of 1869 was, as I have before said, the hottest known for many years in the Mediterranean, the succeeding winter was one of the coldest and stormiest, so that probably more snow fell on the mountains of Algeria than is commonly the case; but that a large amount of rain is usual in winter, I have myself experienced. Egypt is, therefore, to my mind a far more desirable winter residence than Algeria, and the amusements of Cairo are at least equal to those of Algiers.

From the Gulf of Bona we stood out to Galita Island, whence we made Cape Bianco in Tunis, where a look-out house marks the entrance to the Bay and Lakes of Bizerta or Benzert, the finest shooting quarters in the Regency.

On the morning of the 21st September the wind died away completely, leaving us becalmed about five miles from the little island of Zembra, in the Gulf of Tunis.

CHAPTER VI.

TUNIS.

GOLETTA—THE ROAD TO TUNIS—TUNIS—HOUSES—SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS—PRODUCTIONS—VEGETABLE LIFE—LANGUAGE—GOVERNMENT—ABOLITION OF SLAVERY—NEGRO INGRATITUDE—BAZAARS—JEWELRY—ASSES—ARABS FROM THE COUNTRY OF PALMS—CAMELS—DRESS AND FASHION—ARAB CUSTOMS.

HAVING spent some months at a previous period in the Regency of Tunis, where such excellent big game shooting may be obtained, that I wonder so few sportsmen have as yet penetrated into the country, it may not be out of place to give here a short account of Tunis, and of the sport which we obtained, when, in company with my brother officers, Captains Ward and Young, I travelled in the interior of the Regency.

From our anchorage in the Roads, where vessels arriving at Tunis lie, we landed at Goletta or the Little Neck, the port of Tunis, situated at the narrow entrance from the sea into the lake. One

of the flat-bottomed boats called sandals, which serve to navigate the shallow waters of the lake, conveyed our baggage from the ship to the quay close to the town, while we ourselves engaged a carriage to convey us over the twelve miles of plain which separate Tunis from its port. The Salt Lake, round the northern side of which our route lay, is about twenty miles in circuit, and of an average depth of three or four feet. The sand-banks near the shores were crowded with rows of crimson and white flamingoes, standing immovable on one long leg, to the number of several hundreds. On the water we saw flocks of wild duck, and numbers of plover jerked their heads as they screamed at us from the fields through which we drove. There is no regular road between Goletta and Tunis, the track we followed leading us successively through marsh, mud, and plough, into which the horses frequently sank up to their knees, and the carriage up to the axle-trees. Two hours and a half of jolting, straining, and sticking brought us to the firm ground near the town occupied by the turban-headed tombstones of an extensive burial-ground, through which, when we had passed, we arrived

before the walls of Tunis, surnamed the White. A mile or so of street, through mud at least two feet deep, brought us to the entrance of the narrow lane on to which opens the gate of the Hôtel de France, our location while in Tunis.

The town is built partly on flat ground, partly on the slope of a hill, behind which is situated another and smaller lake of fresh water. The wall which surrounds the town is broad and high, though in places rather out of repair. Two walls, an inner and an outer, originally existed, but the larger portion of the inner wall has now been pulled down. In the outer wall are five double gates, built like those at Gibraltar, with an intervening passage at right angles to either gate. These gates are shut every evening soon after sunset, and also for two hours from mid-day every Friday, on account of an old superstition that between those hours of Friday the city will be captured by the Christians.

The population, which is said to be about a hundred and fifty thousand, is composed of Moors, Arabs, Negroes, Jews, and Christians. The Mohammedans inhabit the upper town, on the dry slope of the hill; the Jews and Christians the lower town,

which is little better than a muddy swamp. Tunis is undoubtedly one of the dirtiest, muddiest, and most ruinous towns in the Turkish dominions. Half the space enclosed by the walls is occupied by heaps of ruins, through which dogs, cats, or half famished Arabs may be seen prowling in search of offal. In the poorer part of the town, the inhabitants are crowded into miserable mud hovels, and have a generally poverty-stricken appearance, quite painful to see. The better class of houses are built without windows on the street, whence a carefully barred gate leads, by a passage, into a square hall with a domed roof, on to which open the dining-rooms, offices, &c. Round the top of the hall runs a gallery, on to which the bed-rooms open, in general small and meanly-furnished. Marble floors and walls covered half way up with coloured tiles, the remainder whitewashed, was the general style of all the houses we visited in Tunis, with more or less of luxury. The flat roofs of the houses form a favourite place of resort for the Tunisians, who go up there to sun themselves, gossip, or pray, the latter many times a day, as they are most devout in all the outward forms of their religion, though horribly

licentious in their morals. One peculiar feature of Tunis is the swarm of cats, which are at least as numerous as the dogs at Constantinople. From the house-top I one day counted twenty-three cats, sleeping, fighting, or making love, all within fifty yards of me. They appear to live on the best of terms with the street dogs, and ought to find plenty of mice and rats among the ruins and open sewers which occupy the centre of many of the streets.

Though every sanitary precaution is utterly neglected at Tunis, though the smells and filth are awful, and any system of drainage unknown, we were nevertheless assured by residents that it is an extremely healthy place. The climate is dry in summer, the extreme heat of the sun being tempered by cool sea-breezes, except when the south wind blows, at which rare times the heat is most oppressive, as we experienced when yachting off the coast. The winters are mild, the average of the thermometer from December to the end of February being about 55° Fahr.

From October to April is the rainy season, when an immense quantity of rain generally falls. During our visit it rained almost without ceasing for ten

days. When the rains begin in October the harvests are abundant, but when no rain falls until January dreadful famines ensue, as has twice been the case in the present century.

In many parts of the country the fertility of the soil is extraordinary, though few of the peasants cultivate more land than is absolutely necessary for their wants, fearful of attracting the rapacity of the Bey and his lawless soldiery.

The richness of the soil produces a curious effect on some of the vegetables which have been introduced into the country from Europe. Radishes were shown us nearly as large as beet-root, while we saw onions as big as young cabbages, but they had so lost all flavour as to be hardly eatable. It is not the seeds fresh from Europe which produce this wonderful growth, but those gathered from plants grown in the country, which gradually deteriorate in quality as they increase in size. Corn, olives, limes, figs, and other fruits are grown in the northern part of the Regency, dates and henna in the southern. Numbers of ancient ruins are scattered all over the country, while big game abounds, including lions, leopards, boars, wolves,

wild cats, jackals, &c. Yet the interior of the country is less travelled in than the plains of the Far West of America, and almost as little known as Central Africa.

It is not safe to venture outside the walls of the town unarmed, and for travelling in the country an escort is necessary; which is, however, easily granted by the Bey, though, as we experienced, each soldier expects to be paid at the rate of about two shillings a day.

A corrupt form of Arabic is generally spoken in the country, though pure Arabic is understood, and in the chief towns the mongrel dialect of Italian which is called the Lingua Franca. Though the Bey of Tunis is nominally a Pasha, subject to the Porte, and elected by a divan, he is in fact an absolute independent sovereign, and takes good care to keep in his own power the appointment of a successor to the throne. This he can easily do, as the election is in the hands of a divan nominated by himself, whose votes he can therefore secure for any member of his own family he pleases.

The natives are much oppressed by taxes, the

arbitrary exactions of the Bey having already caused many revolts, while a very formidable rebellion broke out shortly after we left the country.

An immense number of negroes are seen in Tunis, either freed slaves or the children of slaves. It is only a few years since the influence of the European Powers, chiefly that of the English, brought about the partial abolition of slavery, the masters being allowed to retain those who were then in their service, though the purchase of slaves in the market was forbidden. The Bey himself set free all his slaves, an example which was so largely followed that there are now none who acknowledge to keeping slaves, though I was told many did so secretly.

Gratitude to the English nation, for having been the most zealous of those who advocated their freedom, does not, however, appear to animate the negro breast, as was shown by the following occurrence, which took place a very short time after the greater portion of the blacks had obtained their liberty.

The approach to the house of the English Consul was obstructed by some big blocks of old masonry, which he obtained permission to have removed.

The obstacle was, however, for some reason or other looked on with superstitious veneration by the people, who assembled in crowds opposite the house of the Consul, and swore dire vengeance against him if the sacred object was touched. As the crowd consisted almost entirely of negroes, it was represented to them what base ingratitude they were showing towards the representative of the nation which had just freed them from slavery.

To these reproaches they replied that Allah had put it into the hearts of the English unbelievers to liberate them, and, therefore, they owed gratitude to Him, and not to the English, who were merely His involuntary instruments.

The blocks of masonry, therefore, remained in their old place, much to the annoyance of the representative of the English infidels. Each of the European nations is represented by a consul who is also political agent, the chief occupation of the English being to watch the French, who are very jealous of English influence, which they well know is the only impediment to their annexing Tunis to Algeria, a project which is dear to the heart of many Frenchmen.

The bazaars, which are situated in the upper part of the town, are clean, covered in, and tolerably well stocked both with native manufactures and foreign goods. Among the best of the former come the native cashmere cloaks, or burnouses, made of the finest wool and of a beautiful soft texture, the price of the best and largest being from three to four pounds sterling. A very brisk trade is carried on in the large red caps called tarboushes, round which the turban is twisted, the colour and material of which is considered to be superior to that produced in the manufactories at Constantinople, Marseilles, or Vienna. Marocco leather, in skins, slippers, saddlery, &c., is largely manufactured and exported; and the usual Turkish scents and essences of native make are abundant and excellent. A little coral of rare colour, rose or black, may occasionally be found in the bazaar; but as most of the coral obtained at the fisheries off the coast is exported direct to England or France, the supply offered for sale in Tunis is small. A most curious scene is that presented at a sort of market which is held twice a week for the sale of every species of merchandise by publicly parading it through the

bazaars. The shouts of these itinerant merchants are almost deafening, as each enumerates the good qualities and prices of the wares which he hawks about. Silks, woollen goods, cottons, pipes, sweetmeats, etc., are all offered for sale, while antique and valuable jewelry may sometimes be picked up from these hawkers at a good deal less than their value in Europe. The Jews, however, are on the look out, and it was rather a piece of good fortune which enabled one of my companions, Captain Ward, to purchase a large emerald ring for about half the money at which it was afterwards valued by a London jeweller. A number of false stones are also offered for sale, which the owner will swear by Allah and the Prophet are real, so that a certain knowledge of gems is necessary to distinguish between them.

I believe that in many parts of the East a little knowledge of precious stones would prove an extremely valuable acquisition to the traveller, as I have frequently been offered emeralds, diamonds, and other gems, but was prevented from buying them by fear of throwing away money on what might afterwards turn out to be mere worthless imitations.

Camels and asses are the beasts of burden in general use throughout the country, the latter being treated with horrible cruelty, half starved and fearfully overloaded. I have constantly seen two great tall negroes mounted on one miserable donkey, its back bending under their weight, while its hind quarters were a mass of bleeding sores. The general breed of asses in Tunis is small, presenting a great contrast to those seen in Egypt.

Close to our hotel was the khan, consisting of a large enclosure and store-house, where all the caravans stopped on their arrival from the interior of the country. It was a most interesting sight, when a caravan came from the Beled-ul-Djerid, or country of palms, to watch the long strings of thirty or forty camels laden with dates, henna, ostrich feathers, coffee, and other products of the south arrive at this khan, and there kneel down while their loads were removed by their half savage Arab or Negro masters. These southern Arabs were a swarthy, fierce-looking set, armed with long tufted lances and daggers, or a long-barrelled Damascus-wrought gun, a weapon which had probably been handed down from father to son for generations.

When the loads were removed from the backs of the crouching camels, which often uttered the most hideous groans during the operation, the animals were hobbled or tied up to the wall. Occasionally a vicious brute would proceed to worry the camel nearest him, when a furious bellowing and confusion would ensue, until some native secured the aggressor, using the stick unsparingly on both parties.

The Moors of Tunis very generally wear the huge turban, burnouse, loose trousers, and red slippers, the Turkish fez and black frock-coat being as yet but rarely seen.

The women are closely veiled, not with a thin transparent muslin, but some thick blue or white covering, which conceals the whole face below the eyes. The sort of woollen gauze with silk stripes, commonly seen in the Algerian shops of London and Paris, composes the cloak or shawl worn round the shoulders. From under the dress, which is merely a tunic, appear the legs, tightly bound round with silk or cotton, giving the women a remarkably ungraceful appearance. Large yellow slippers are worn on the feet, so large that shuffling about instead

of walking is the only way to keep them from dropping off.

To have the eyelids darkened, eyebrows painted to meet one another, and fingers dyed a reddish-yellow with henna, are considered indispensable decorations by the ladies of Tunis. The dress of their country cousins, the Arab girls, is much simpler, consisting generally of some old garment thrown over the head and shoulders, and held so as to conceal the mouth and nose when passing one of the opposite sex. Under this is worn a blue cotton robe, partially open in front, while the legs and feet are bare. The forehead, cheeks, and breast are liberally tattooed. Hung to one nostril is often seen a huge nose-ring, while the ankles, arms, and fingers are ornamented with as many bangles, bracelets, and rings as the means of the husband or father admit of.

Many of the Arab tribes are rapidly degenerating, from the mixture of Negro blood introduced by the purchase of black women from the interior of the Continent—a practice which is very extensively indulged in. Another cause of the deterioration of the Arab race is found in the fearfully early age at

which the unfortunate girls are married and made to bear children. One day when up the country we came on an Arab encampment, where I saw a wretched little Arab girl with three children, one at the breast, one at her back, and one by her side, and a great, tall, ragged Bedouin Arab standing near. Struck by the apparent youth of the girl, I inquired of the sheikh of Alia, who rode beside me, what the girl's age might be. "Not more than eleven years," was the answer; "she has borne her husband those three children." Such early marriages, I was told, were not uncommon; but the children born of them are naturally small and sickly, and are the cause of a visible decrease in numbers, physical power, and intelligence among many Arab tribes.

CHAPTER VII.

SULEYMAN.

HOW TO OBTAIN BOAR-HUNTING—A FIRMAN—OUR ESCORT—BOGO—HORSES—MINERAL BATHS—THE SHEIKH OF SULEYMAN—COLLECTING THE TAXES—OUR HOUSE AT SULEYMAN—COUSE-COUSE—SMALL GAME—THE DEAD CAMEL—PORCUPINES—THE DAKHEL—BOAR-HUNTING IN THE WADY ZERZOO—FINE SPORT—A BOAR'S CHARGE—LEAVE SULEYMAN.

SHORTLY after our arrival at Tunis, we applied to the English consul and political agent, Mr. Wood, to find out how and where we could get the best boar-hunting.

Mr. Wood kindly assisted us in every way, and obtained from the Bey a firman, or general order, addressed to the sheikh or chief of every town, village, or district in the Regency, and an escort of spahis, Arab cavalry, to accompany us and see that the Bey's mandates were properly attended to.

This firman was a document commanding the sheikh of every place where we might choose to

stop, to place the best house in the village at our disposal, to provide food for ourselves, our servants, our escort, and our horses as long as we pleased to stay, and to send out a sufficient number of Arab hunters and dogs to drive the boar out of the jungle whenever we wished to hunt.

This order was everywhere treated with the utmost respect by the chiefs, if not always without grumbling by the people, and the best of everything they could offer us in the way of food and lodging was everywhere provided gratis, though backsheesh, or some present from us at parting, was expected and bestowed in return for their hospitality.

As travelling servants or dragomans have not yet found their way to Tunis, our next occupation was to look out for some sporting native or foreign resident, who would consent to accompany us as interpreter, and know where to look for the best sport. With Mr. Wood's help, we soon found out a person likely to suit us—an Austrian by descent, a carpenter by profession, a hunter by taste, and one who had a good knowledge of the country, and spoke the native Arabic, by name Bogo. He proved to be a most useful man, talking excellent

French, and able to turn his hand to anything. He could bone a fowl, stuff a boar's head, skin a bird, and make himself generally useful, besides being a well-informed man. His brother was chief barber and prime favourite of the Bey's, while his own life had been hitherto spent in the varied trades of a resurrectionist, a smuggler, a naturalist, a hunter, and a carpenter.

The celebrated Barbary horses are no longer abundant in Tunis. In fact, horses of any sort are so scarce that we had considerable difficulty in providing ourselves with animals which appeared at all suitable for travelling and hunting. At last, however, we succeeded in procuring some very good horses and European saddles, for the moderate sum of five Tunisian piastres—about two shillings English—a day, and having thus obtained the necessary means of locomotion, started on the 20th of January for a village, or rather town, named Suleyman, distant one day's journey east-south-east of the capital.

Skirting the south-eastern shore of the salt lake, we directed our course towards the fine peaked mountain which is the most conspicuous feature in the landscape to the east of Tunis, and forms the

northern termination of the great range of mountains running up from the south, through the centre of the Regency. Once clear of the graveyards which surround the town, the camel track which we followed led us across an uncultivated plain, studded here and there by a grove of ancient olive or caroub trees, surrounded by a hedge of prickly pear. About three hours' ride brought us to the base of the mountains, here rising to the height of some two thousand feet, a confused mass of rocks, at the northern foot of which is situated the bathing establishment called Hammám Lymph. These mineral baths are much resorted to by the Tunisians, being considered a wonderful cure for cutaneous and other diseases with which the natives are afflicted. From this place we despatched a spahi conveying the Bey's firman to the sheikh of Suleyman, while we followed more leisurely, soon emerging from the mountains into the hilly but richly cultivated country in which is situated Suleyman.

Passing through olive groves and fruit gardens, we arrived, in a little more than seven hours from the time of starting, at the outskirts of the town, where a messenger met us with a request from the sheikh

that we would proceed to his house, while our own was being prepared for our reception.

Turning aside through an olive yard we soon found ourselves before a comfortable farm-house, where a large number of people were assembled, of various shades of colour and different degrees of raggedness. Sacks, baskets, and large sheets, filled with olive berries, covered the ground, while on a mat sat, cross-legged, a handsome old man in white turban and burnouse, who rose at our approach and gravely saluted us by touching his forehead, lips, and chest with his hand. He informed us that he was the sheikh, and was then engaged in collecting the tax on the olives as they were brought to the mill to be crushed. Large quantities of olive oil are produced in this district, the tax on the olives, like that on the date palms in the south, being one of the principal sources of revenue to the Bey. The tax appeared to be paid in kind, not in coin, a certain portion being deducted from each measure of olives as the tithes due to the crown. After smoking a pipe, we were informed that our abode was ready for us. So, leaving the sheikh at his official duty, we rode down through a long dirty

street, bordered by mean one-storied houses, at the further end of which stood the residence assigned to us.

The house was superior in appearance to most of the others, and belonged to a Frenchman then absent in Tunis. The buildings were whitewashed, one storey high, and enclosed two court-yards on to which the rooms and offices opened. The long room in which we all three slept was furnished with iron bedsteads, chairs and tables, and being tolerably free from vermin, we were, as far as lodging was concerned, in comparative luxury.

About sunset a native appeared, carrying on his head an enormous wooden bowl containing couse-couse, the universal dish of the country, which the sheikh had ordered to be provided for our dinner. Soon after another native arrived with a present of two live lambs, a basket of limes or sweet lemons, and some fresh eggs.

Couse-couse consists of boiled flesh or fowl, smothered in a small grain called semola, which is cooked by steaming with vegetables, fat, and oil, forming a dish which is not at all unpalatable, as soon as the taste becomes accustomed to it, which

ours soon did by force of circumstances, as it was sometimes the only food we could obtain. It is very nourishing, and quickly satisfies the keenest appetite. Before we left the country, we had grown so fond of the flavour, that no native could have put away more, or enjoyed his pet food better than we did.

As notice had to be sent round to those natives who possessed the best dogs for boar-hunting, the chief begged us to wait a day or two before we began that sport, promising us that we could occupy the time very well in shooting partridges, woodcock, and wildfowl in the neighbouring hills and marshes.

The first two days we accordingly amused ourselves with our shot guns, but did not make heavy bags. Among the scrub on the hills we found a few red-legged partridges, and in marsh bordering the shores of the Gulf, we shot some snipe and crested plover, but got no woodcock or wild-duck. While on the marsh we observed the most extraordinary number of starlings flying overhead, our attention being attracted by the sort of shrill rushing noise made by the thousands of wings in their flight.

Returning home through the olive plantations we put up some quail and got a snap shot at a spotted wild cat or lynx as it disappeared into an old well.

Though Suleyman has a population of several thousands, chiefly the descendants of Moors expelled from Spain on the conquest of Granada by the Christians, and a small sprinkling of French and Maltese, it is a filthy, ruinous town, the only scavengers being the wild beasts and birds of prey, —a fact of which we had both ocular and oral proof.

A few yards outside the gate of our house we passed on the first day the body of a camel which had just died and been left where it fell. When we returned in the evening four or five dogs were smelling round the body, and a vulture was perched on the head. All night we heard the howls of wolves, jackals, and dogs, as they quarrelled over their share of the carcase,—and the following morning about half the body was devoured. Round it lay about a dozen dogs so gorged they could not move, and three or four vultures could barely hop away as we approached. On the third day not an

atom of flesh remained on the bones, which were picked as clean as if scraped with a knife. Our share of the spoil consisted of some of the teeth, which were of the most formidable size, and, from the way in which they turn inwards in the jaw, inflict a terrible wound on any person bitten by a camel.

While out shooting, the first day, we saw such a number of porcupines' earths, marked by the quills which were scattered about, that we determined on the following morning to try and dig one out. Selecting what we considered the most promising-looking earth, where the quills were particularly large and numerous, we proceeded to dig and excavate in the sandy soil, working like navvies for several hours. At last our further progress was stopped by reaching a long, subterranean passage about eight feet in height and breadth, the sides and vaulted roof being composed of large stones roughly hewn, while other passages branched off to the right and left.

The natives told us that these subterranean passages extended for many miles around, and are supposed to be ancient aqueducts. At present

there is no water in them, but porcupines, wolves, jackals, and lynxes find there a safe retreat during the daytime.

That evening the sheikh visited us after dinner, and announced that everything was ready for the boar-hunting. We had a long conversation with him over our pipes and coffee, and found him a well-informed and unprejudiced man. He said he had been surprised to hear that great pashas like us had been digging away for five or six hours to unearth a porcupine, but that, on consideration, he could see that it was part of that same energy which animated our great nation, and had enabled us to conquer the Russians in the Crimean war.

Talking of the wealth and progress of the Christian nations, he said, "I know that in Europe all goes well, while here all is poverty and decay." That a sheikh in one of the most ignorant and bigoted parts of the Turkish dominions should make such an admission certainly surprised me, and, I think, showed a step on the road towards national improvement.

From the nature of the country about Suleyman,

it is impossible to hunt the boar on horseback, their favourite resort being in the hilly country of the Dakhel, where prickly scrub and swampy river-beds afford them a safe retreat.

We accordingly rode about ten miles in a north-easterly direction, and, when well away from the cultivated country, dismounted and left our horses in charge of a native. Walking a few miles further we reached the Wady Zerzoo, where, on the banks of a shallow river overgrown with oleander trees, we were met by a party of some thirty natives, accompanied by a miscellaneous pack of dogs, to drive the boars from their covert.

The guns were then stationed at different points lower down the river, one on each bank in case the game should make up the hills, and two in the bed of the river, which was there about forty yards in width.

For my own part I had to wade up to my knees in water to the centre of the river bed, and there took up my position in an immense oleander bush, whence I could bring my rifle to bear on anything coming up the run, or path, made by the boar through the thick bushes.

After waiting nearly an hour, the shouting of natives and yelping of dogs, gradually approaching nearer and nearer, proclaimed that game was found and coming in my direction.

Presently I heard the sharp report of a rifle, followed by a cheer from one of our party; and directly after the noise of some animal splashing and crashing through the bushes in front of me warned me of the approach of a fine young boar, which came tearing along the run straight towards me. When about three yards off I gave him the contents of my rifle, which laid him kicking in the water. Thence he was soon dragged on to dry land, and was laid beside the dead body of the other boar, whose death shot I had heard, making the result of our first drive a pretty successful one. Our second drive, higher up the river, only resulted in the dogs killing a jackal and a species of ichneumon, called by our hunter, Bogo, a mangousta, after which we returned home, much pleased with our first day's sport. Our second day on the same river was not so successful, as we only killed one boar. He was, however, a fine old fellow, with enormous tusks, of which one was

unfortunately broken. While shooting we were joined by some Arabs whose tents were pitched at no great distance from the river. They brought a request from their chief that we would partake of some food which he had sent down to the river to meet us. A little further on we accordingly found the chief awaiting us, with a present of a lamb, roasted whole, and some small loaves of coarse bread. On these we made a hearty meal, the chief pulling off joints and lumps of meat with his fingers, and offering them to us, such being the Arab rule of politeness.

Our next expedition was to the eastward, in the direction of Kurbah, where the hills were covered with rich pasture thickly studded with clumps of prickly scrub, round which the soil was everywhere ploughed up by the boar in search of roots to feed on. Round these clumps the guns were posted, so as to get a shot when the game broke covert, while the dogs were sent into the scrub to drive out the boar. It is the habit of these latter animals to seek out the thickest part of the jungle, and refuse to move thence unless actually attacked by the dogs, which require, therefore, some courage and strength

to be of the slightest use. The only dogs we could get were such curs that they were afraid to tackle the boar, and though plenty of woodcocks rose out of the scrub, one small porker was all that fell to our rifles.

Another day, when shooting in the same direction, an accident happened, which turned out to be only amusing, though it might have ended fatally. The dogs had hardly been put into a covert on the side of a hill, when out bolted an old tusker, which made off round the shoulder of the hill, a bullet just grazing his back as he disappeared. On the other side were pitched some of the low black tents of an Arab dowan, or encampment, at the nearest of which the boar, irritated by his wound, charged full tilt. He was just disappearing through the canvas as we rounded the hill, and in another moment appeared in hot pursuit of a naked Arab boy, about ten years of age, who ran yelling towards us, his hands clasped on the hinder part of his person, from which the boar's tusks were little more than a yard distant. As pursued and pursuer passed near our hunter, Bogo, a bullet from his rifle released the boy from what was undoubtedly a

most unpleasant position, as there is no wild animal known more vindictive or obstinate in pursuit than a wounded boar.

The danger once over, we all burst into a roar of laughter at the boy's appearance, as he bolted back to the tents with his hands still clasped behind him, almost as much frightened at sight of us as he had been by the pig. A few piastres to the boy's mother quite consoled her for the damage done to her tent and fright to herself and children.

The weather, which from the time of our arrival at Tunis until the end of our first week's shooting at Suleyman had been glorious, with a brilliant sun, clear blue sky, and soft air, then changed, and torrents of rain poured down unceasingly. As shooting then became anything but pleasant, and ague was very prevalent in the town, we did not think it advisable to stop any longer in a damp house without fires, so bid farewell to our friend the sheikh of Suleyman, and returned to Tunis, after an absence of ten days.

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CHAPTER VIII.

CARTHAGE.

RUINS OF CARTHAGE—ANCIENT AQUEDUCT—CARTHAGINIAN VILLAS —THE TOMB OF ST. LOUIS—EL MARSA—WILD FOWL SHOOTING ON THE SALT LAKE—FLAMINGOES—OLD SPANISH FORT—SCORPIONS—WANDERING ARABS—FRESH-WATER LAKE—THE BARDO —THE BASTINADO—MAD SAINTS—THE MARABOUTS—CAMELS' FLESH—EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

AFTER our return to Tunis it continued to rain unceasingly for four days, after which for another week the weather was too showery and unsettled to venture up the country, so we had to occupy ourselves as best we could in visiting the ruins of Carthage, and trying what small game we could pick up within easy distance of the town.

The first fine day we rode out to Carthage, distant about twelve miles from Tunis, round the northern side of the salt lake, and about five miles from the port of Goletta. A couple of hours' ride brought us to the remains of the great aqueduct which in ancient times supplied Carthage with

fresh water. The arches may still be seen stretching from the mountains of Zowan to the reservoirs at Cape Carthage, a distance of over fifty miles. Following the line of the aqueduct, in another hour we reached Cape Carthage, a high promontory over the sea, where once stood the most powerful city in Africa, but of which scarcely a vestige remains above ground. Carthage has, indeed, been destroyed, for miles of rubbish, a few shapeless masses of masonry, and some of the ancient reservoirs are all that now meet the eye to mark the site of Rome's greatest rival.

Some years ago, excavations were commenced at Carthage by a French company, which brought to light a villa near the sea shore, fifteen feet underground, with frescoed walls and floors paved with mosaic. Shortly afterwards another house, still larger and similarly decorated, was discovered, but the works were soon discontinued from a want of either money or energy. The villas almost exactly resemble, in their general plan, those I have seen at Pompeii, but most of the frescoes and mosaics have been removed to Paris.

Among the mounds of rubbish some miserable

hovels have been erected, whence issued numbers of nearly naked children, shouting for backsheesh, and offering what they called "antiquas" for sale. These consisted of old coins of various sorts and pieces of pottery, which they had discovered by digging among the rubbish, a few of the coins being really well preserved, and cheaply purchased for a few piastres.

On the top of the hill stands the tomb of Saint Louis of France, that pious king who, for the good of his own soul, forgave his Christian subjects the third of all the debts which they owed to the Jews; after which act of princely liberality he sailed for Africa, laid siege to Tunis, and died in his camp of the plague, A.D. 1270. In 1841 the French erected a chapel on the spot where he died, which, with the surrounding enclosure, is now national property, and is under the care of a French official.

We made a slight round before returning, to visit the palace and gardens of the Bey at El Marsa, the Tunisian Richmond, where, instead of French cookery and champagne at a luxurious hotel, the more abstemious Moslem reclines under the grateful shade of an enormous plane tree, smokes a pipe,

drinks coffee in a little miniature cup, and finishes up with a glass of pure cold water from the fountain; the latter being the luxury highest esteemed in this curious country, where most of the springs and fountains are either boiling-hot, salt, or mineral.

Another day we hired a small sailing boat, and started before sunrise for a morning at the wild-fowl on the salt lake. We found them so wary that we had great difficulty in getting a shot, while as for the flamingoes we only once got within rifle shot of them, a lucky bullet bringing down a young one as a flock of fifty or sixty birds rose from the water. The feathers of this young flamingo were pure white, the wings shading off into a beautiful delicate pink, which in the older birds changes to crimson.

We breakfasted on an island in the middle of the lake, on which stands an old Spanish fort now rapidly going to ruin. Flowers, weeds, and blocks of masonry are scattered over the little island, among which lizards and black scorpions abound, the latter reptile being numerous all over the Regency. In a vaulted room under the basement

of the castle, the access to which is through a hole knocked in the wall, is an abundant supply of fresh water, cold and sweet to the taste, and apparently of some depth, as we ascertained by dropping in stones. Whence this supply of fresh water is derived we were unable to find out.

We were in general careful not to go any distance outside the walls of the town unless well armed, as wandering Arabs often camp in the neighbourhood, who think little of robbing and murdering an unarmed man. Our friend Bogo's father had been murdered within sight of the town gate, and one day that Young, my brother officer, went out alone and unarmed for a walk through the olive grounds, he had not gone far before he perceived that his movements were closely watched by two armed Arabs, who dodged his footsteps for some distance as he beat a hasty retreat to the town, where he was told that only good luck had saved his purse, if not his life.

By far the prettiest walk we had in the neighbourhood, was one to the little fresh-water lake at the other foot of the hill, about two miles distant from Tunis, beautiful views being obtained from

the ridge in every direction. On one side we looked down on the mass of white houses from which rose the white minarets and domes of Tunis the White. Beyond the ancient walls of the town the sparkling blue waters of the salt lake stretched away to the distant Mediterranean. On the other side the dark, calm surface of the little fresh-water lake reflected back the outline of the well-wooded hills which slope back from its shores covered with a splendid growth of olive, oak, and caroub trees. Here and there above the thick foliage appeared the huge arches of the old Carthaginian aqueduct, stretching back to the distant mountains whose rocky peaks tower up into the azure sky. The lake abounds with wild fowl of various sorts, especially grebe, and appears to be supplied with water by a small stream which flows down from near Zowan, thirty miles distant in a south-easterly direction. I should guess it to be about three miles in length by two in breadth, but for some unaccountable reason it is not marked in most of the English maps of the Regency.

Two miles west of Tunis stands the Bardo, a fortified palace of the Bey's, within the walls of

which four thousand people are said to reside. The court often retires to this place, where two large hareems amuse the Bey's leisure hours, only one of which, according to the information we received on the spot, is occupied by the female sex. There is nothing to admire in the situation of the palace, which is in a barren plain, one of the least picturesque spots in the neighbourhood of the capital.

One of the curious customs of Tunis is the dispensation of justice, presided over by the Bey himself, who sits almost daily in the judgment hall. The decrees are summary and immediately put into execution, the punishment of the bastinado being publicly inflicted in the following manner. The unfortunate culprit having been thrown on his back, his feet are made fast by nooses to a pole held horizontally by two men, so that the naked soles are exposed; a third man armed with a long stick or cane then belabours the sufferer's feet until the judge thinks he has had enough, and permits the release of the culprit.

It is not only judicially that this cruel punishment is inflicted, fathers of families preferring to apply the

rod to the soles of their children's feet rather than to those parts which are generally selected by the British parent and schoolmaster. One day when walking through the bazaar, we heard the most hideous outcry proceeding from one of the pipe-makers' houses. On going to see what was the matter, we found a small boy undergoing the punishment of the bastinado, which was inflicted by the father, while his big brothers held the stick to which the boy's feet were tied. He had been caught stealing some of his father's money, and was in consequence undergoing correction in a manner which, to judge by his cries, was tolerably severe.

A class of people who are either mad, or feign madness, and are therefore looked on as saints by the Mohammedans, are common in many Eastern towns, but are particularly troublesome at Tunis. They would sometimes come up to us in the bazaars and demand money or tobacco, which we were glad to give, to get rid of their importunity. Near the mosques they were most numerous, collecting alms from the faithful as they entered, a privilege which is strictly denied to Christians, though

Moslem criminals of every sort find there an inviolable sanctuary.

The Marabouts are another class of saints, who are supposed to be especially devoted to the observance of the precepts of the Koran. By constant prayer they are believed to attain to a high degree of sanctity, and possess an extraordinary influence over the natives, whether for good or evil. They are numerous in all the Barbary States, and their tombs, which are also called marabouts, form conspicuous landmarks on many a headland and mountain side from Cape Spartel to Egypt.

In the bazaars we observed that the butchers' stalls always contained an abundant supply of camels' flesh, which is considered a wholesome article of food. Being cheaper than beef or lamb, there is a large consumption, and the flavour is said by the natives to be excellent. The mutton of the country is not considered good, being coarse and strong tasting; but lamb, beef, and kid form the usual food of the richer classes. Provisions generally must be cheap, as the eight francs a day we paid at our hotel included both board and lodging,

and when travelling in the country the value of the provisions with which the natives were compelled to provide us, and for which we wished to make an equivalent present, was always rated at an exceedingly low sum of money.

As the evening occupations at Tunis were extremely limited, the theatre, the only place of public entertainment of which the town could then boast, being shut up, we anxiously watched the state of the weather from day to day, impatient to be once more in the saddle, hunting boar, or whatever game we could find.

Our intention was, on our next expedition, to make for the wild country lying near the western boundary of the regency, where we were assured we should find any number of wild boar, with a good chance of lions and other big game; though the dry season is the only time in which the haunts of the lions can be known with any degree of certainty.

CHAPTER IX.

ALIA.

START FOR ALIA—ANCIENT OLIVES—SMALL OWL—DIFFICULTIES OF THE ROUTE—KHANS OR FONDOUKS—MISERABLE LODGINGS—A GIFT OF THE GODS TO HUNGRY TRAVELLERS—THE LAST CROW OF THE COCK—FLEAS—THE MEJERDAH RIVER—ARAB PRISONERS—ALIA—STONE BEDS—THE BENZERT LAKES—AFRICAN *v.* INDIAN PIG-HUNTING—THE MUEZZIN—ANCIENT REMAINS—A REBELLIOUS KABYLE—LIONS—DEPARTURE FROM THE REGENCY OF TUNIS.

It was not until the second week in February that a rising barometer and less frequent rain gave us a promise of a favourable change in the weather. Accordingly, on the 10th of that month we started for Alia, a small town situated a day and a half's journey north-west of Tunis, not far from the Benzert Lakes. Leaving the town by the Goletta Gate, with the same escort of spahis and firman as on our first expedition, we followed for some distance a bridle road, which led us through the olive plantations which lie west of the town. Most of the trees showed signs of extreme old age in their

knarled and knotted trunks and decaying branches, but no young olives appear to be planted, so that a bad time must be coming for the natives when the existing trees cease bearing and die. On some of the trees we observed a remarkably small species of owl, hardly larger than a man's hand, which sat quietly blinking at us, without the least fear—a confidence which we did not abuse. As our road at first lay across a hilly country, we suffered no inconvenience from the late rains; but when, after a ride of about three hours, we reached the border of the great plain of the Mejerdah river, our troubles began in earnest.

To the south, the plain stretched as far as the eye could see; to the north appeared the Mediterranean at some considerable distance off, while the western edge of the plain was bounded by a range of hills, distant about twenty miles. The Mejerdah river flowing through the centre of the plain had in many places overflowed its banks, and a considerable extent of ground was under water, the road which we had hitherto followed being entirely obliterated by the floods. As our route lay directly across the plain, we had to pick out the firmest

ground we could find, and ride, or rather struggle, along as best we might. At every step, our horses' feet sank deep in the thick, holding mud, so that after four hours' floundering we were only half-way across, reaching the river at a spot where an old stone bridge spans it.

On the right bank stood a caravansary, or khan, called in Tunis a fondouk, where we determined to stop for the night, as our horses were exhausted, and we saw no chance of reaching the hills on the further side of the plain before night. We arrived at this conclusion with the greatest reluctance, as we had neither bedding nor provisions of any sort with us, and a night passed in a swampy plain is almost certain to produce malaria or ague. The fondouk consisted of a square court-yard, entered through an archway with strong double gates. Round three sides of the yard were stables and sheds, on the fourth side were the rooms for the accommodation of travellers. These were two in number—one large one, with bare walls and a mud floor, opening on to a smaller room, where some wooden frames were placed, raised about six inches off the ground, on which

travellers might place their bedding. In a corner of the larger room was a good supply of firewood, but the absence of chimney or fireplace of any sort showed that warmth could only be procured at the cost of being half-suffocated.

Having seen our horses unsaddled and fed from the store of fodder provided in the stables, we mounted to our cheerless lodging, where we lit a large fire from the brushwood, round which we sat and smoked our pipes filled with fragrant tobacco, a gift of the gods to the hungry, wet, and weary traveller.

The pungent smoke of the burning brushwood was just beginning to irritate our lungs and eyes, when a smothered crow and fluttering of wings was heard behind the pile of wood. No sooner did the welcome sound reach our ears than a brisk hunt was commenced, which resulted in the speedy capture of a fine old domestic cock, which in a very short space of time was plucked and boned, and roasting over the embers of the fire.

Though the fourth part of a fowl and a glass of cold water is not an abundant dinner for a hungry man, nevertheless, when we had partaken of our

frugal repast and had again replenished our pipes, things began to assume a much more rosy hue than before the old cock had crowed his last crow in the corner of the room. Rolled up in our cloaks with our saddles for pillows, we lay down on the planks in the inner room, vainly hoping to sleep through the night.

No sooner had we lain down than a merciless attack was commenced on our bodies, and the frequent murmurs of "d——n these fleas," accompanied by momentary changes of position, showed how unceasing were the torments inflicted by the hungry insects which crawled over us in hundreds.

At last the welcome daylight began to appear, when a breakfast was procured by the purchase of a couple of fish of about two pounds weight, caught by a native who was netting the river. By sunrise we were again in the saddle, and crossing the river by the stone bridge, through which the swollen current ran swift and deep, we continued our journey across the plain.

The Mejerdah river is the only considerable stream in the Regency, retaining all the year round a good

supply of water. It rises in Algeria, and flowing for some distance along the wild border land between the French and Turkish possessions, enters the great plain, through the middle of which it flows until it empties its waters into the sea near Port Farina. Numerous ancient remains are scattered along its banks, but the plain is now almost uninhabited. With every facility for irrigation in the dry season, cotton and most of the products of Northern Egypt might be raised in considerable quantities, yet but little cultivation exists. A few scattered tobacco fields were all the signs of industry we saw, though the luxuriance of the plants sufficiently proved the fertility of the soil, and what it was capable of producing if properly tilled.

After riding for four hours through mud and water we reached the hills on the western side of the plain, glad to be once more on firm ground. While crossing these hills we met a large party of prisoners, guarded by soldiers, affording us an example of the manner in which the Bey compels his unwilling subjects to pay their taxes. The gang of prisoners consisted of about thirty men, young and old, heavily ironed and chained together.

Many of them were nearly naked, having only a ragged old blanket thrown over their shoulders, a miserable protection against the rain, which was then falling heavily. The long chain which connected them passed through a ring secured to the waist of each prisoner, while heavy irons were riveted on their wrists, ankles, and necks, making escape impossible. The unfortunates, especially the old men, had a weary footsore appearance which was painful to see, while their countenances showed a mixture of pride and despair which told plainly they were not ordinary criminals.

On inquiry we found they belonged to an Arab tribe near the frontier, which had refused to pay a tax levied on their cattle, always crossing over into French territory when the Bey's troops came round to collect the taxes. On this occasion, however, the troops had cut off their retreat, and were carrying off the chief men of the tribe to expiate their offence in prison or at the galleys.

Crossing the ridge to the western slope of the hills, we gradually passed from the region of brushwood and scrub-palm with its fan-like leaves into a country of olive, oak, and caroub trees, with some

corn-fields and other signs of cultivation, and after a ride of about seven hours, the last four of which it never ceased raining, we reached the foot of the hill on which the town of Alia is built. The houses, which are huddled together, are so constructed as to give the town the appearance of being walled, the windows and doors all opening inwards on the street, or rather on the court-yards approached from the street. The streets are narrow, steep, and filthy, while hardly a good house exists in the town. On arrival we were conducted to the sheikh's house, and invited to enter and take coffee. In a small square room covered with matting we found the sheikh and principal men of the town seated on the divan which ran round the room, and were there entertained with pipes and coffee while explaining the object of our visit to Alia. The sheikh informed us that he was himself very fond of boar-hunting, and could confidently promise us plenty of sport. He had also, he said, ordered the best house available to be prepared for our reception, and in a couple of days' time good dogs and men would be ready to beat for us.

On leaving the sheikh we retired to our house,

where only the very rudest sort of accommodation was to be found, not a single article of furniture existing in any of the rooms. Instead of chairs stone seats covered with matting, and for bedsteads recesses contrived in the thickness of the walls, like the graves in the Roman catacombs, was all the luxury the large vaulted room in which we slept afforded. The way in which our bones ached in the morning called forth many a hearty malediction, while our after-dinner allowance of rum had to be both plentiful and strong in order to produce sleep sound enough to overcome the hardness of the stone beds of Alia. The flat roof of our house commanded a fine view over the Benzert lakes, both salt and fresh, with the islands, mountains, and lagoons which bordered them.

The distance I judged to be about ten miles, a hilly well-wooded country intervening. The inhabitants appeared to be all Moors and Kabyles, a good deal of the surrounding country being cultivated with olives and corn, and grazed by cattle, which feed on the rich natural pastures in the neighbourhood.

There is but little small game about Alia, only a

few partridges, hares, and snipe rewarding our first day's walk.

On the following morning, as the country is sufficiently open to allow of hunting on horseback, we started on our horses in company with the sheikh and five other of the principal men of the district, all mounted and armed with long guns. Riding about five miles in a southerly direction, we reached a country where the low hill sides were clothed with prickly scrub, forming different small coverts, the intervening ground being open, and though rough quite practicable on horseback. Here a large party of natives on foot met us with a pack of dogs composed of half-bred deerhounds, pointers, and curs of every description.

Out of the first covert we drew, five pigs were started, but escaped into a ravine before they could be headed. From the second the natives and dogs drove out a small herd of four pigs, composed of one fine old tusker and three sows. Away we all dashed after them, the ground being so rough that we had considerable difficulty in overhauling them. Then, several charges, two falls, and a lamed horse, with the best dog put *hors de combat* with a

dangerous gash in the side, resulted in the death of the gallant old boar. The manner of killing the pig is for the hunter to shoot past at full gallop, discharging his rifle when the muzzle almost touches the animal's body. From the nature of the ground, and the wonderful quickness of the boar, which by a sudden turn of the head can rip up horse or dog, the sport has quite enough danger to make it exciting, while the honour of putting the first bullet into the pig is as eagerly sought as the first spear in India. Though the sport of pig-shooting is followed in Tunis, instead of pig-sticking as in India, there is not the least reason why the latter sport should not be introduced. Along the plain of the Mejerdah and the country to the west, the ground is favourable, while pigs are, as the Arabs informed us, as numerous as goats, and as we ourselves saw, the whole country is cut up with their tracks.

To judge by the heads and tusks of both Indian and Tunisian boar, the African are bigger than the Asiatic. The best tusks in my possession are those of a boar killed at Alia, measuring on the outside curve of the tusk seven inches and three quarters,

on the inside six inches and a quarter, the girth at the base being two inches and a half, a measurement considerably in excess of those of any Indian boar I have seen.

As the natives would not defile themselves by touching an unclean animal, we had ourselves to perform the task of cleaning and stuffing the interior with aromatic scrub to preserve it, and then fasten the carcase on the horse's back, no easy job when the pigs were heavy and the horses shy. The interior fillet and liver of the boar, however, cooked by Bogo in a manner worthy of the Trois Frères Provençaux, formed an addition to our daily dish of couse-couse, which fully compensated for the trouble of cleaning and packing the carcase.

Close to our house was a mosque, from the minaret of which we every evening, about nine o'clock, heard the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer, in a manner different from that I have heard in any other Mohammedan country. A long monotonous sounding chant was first gone through, lasting for fully half-an-hour, and accompanied by the beating of native drums. The words used, translated to us by Bogo, formed a sort of religious love song, indi-

cating the pleasures of the faithful with their houris in Paradise. After the song came the usual formula, Salem aleikum la Illaha il Allah, etc., "May the good angels keep you; there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet; prayer is better than sleep, come to prayers."

It was then the middle of Ramazan, and during the night we were frequently disturbed by the songs and music of the natives, who were obliged to take all their meals between the hours of sunset and two A.M., when the fast again commenced. So rigidly was this Mohammedan Lent observed by all classes that even the wild spahis, who formed our escort, never touched with their lips either food, drink, or tobacco from morning till sunset between the hours of the fast, no matter how long or severe was the day's march. During the permitted hours of the night, however, a pipe or a cigarette was never absent from their lips, except when engaged in the consumption of enormous quantities of couse-couse.

One day, when hunting at some distance to the south-west of Alia, we found ourselves in one of the most beautifully wooded park-like countries imaginable, a broad valley between low hills studded with

fine old oak and caroub-trees, rich grass and flowers covering the ground. Gigantic cactus plants grew to a height I have never seen equalled in any other part of the world, forming trees thirty or forty feet in height, with trunks some feet in circumference. In one spot a copious spring of pure cold water gushed out from under the foundation of some old building, which might be the remains of an ancient temple, but is now covered with prickly scrub, while other remains of foundations showed that the spot was not always uninhabited as now. The spring, we were told, was a favourite resort of wild beasts during the dry season, as the water flows all through the summer. The stream, however, does not go far, being soon lost in a small marsh. Near this fountain, in a grove of old olive-trees and cactus plants, we came on a herd of pigs, which we succeeded in following through two coverts of thick but short scrub, and then had the happiness of seeing three fine boars making the best of their way through the long grass which clothed the hill-side, closely pursued by some of the more plucky dogs. One of the boars, which separated from the rest, was followed by one of my brother officers and myself,

and having been severely wounded, stood at bay, charging in a most determined manner whichever of us approached him. With enormous tusks covered with foam, every hair standing straight on end, and his little eyes glaring with rage, he kept off the attacks of a fine deer-hound which stuck to him splendidly, and, by distracting his attention, at length enabled one of us to give him the coup-de-grace.

Whilst engaged in securing the head and tit-bits of the boar, the owner of the deer-hound came up to us, and demanding backsheesh, said he would take away his dogs and hunt no more unless we satisfied his demands. The man was a Kabyle from a distant village in the mountains, and had been ordered to come and hunt with his dogs, which were known to be good, as the best of the lot we had previously hunted with were disabled by thorns and wounds.

As it would never have done to give in to the man's demands, we reported his conduct to the sheikh, who promised that he should be punished for his insolence. After our return to Alia that night about ten o'clock we were informed that a

native woman wished to speak to us. On going into the courtyard we found a Kabyle woman, crying bitterly, who threw herself on the ground at our feet, and besought us to spare her husband, the owner of the deer-hounds, who demanded backsheesh. He was then in prison, and was to undergo the punishment of the bastinado the next morning.

We comforted the poor woman by promising her that her husband should be released, and accordingly sent Bogo down to the sheikh's house with a request to that effect. An order was immediately given for the release of the Kabyle; nor had we any further trouble with the natives, our act of clemency causing us to be regarded with favour, while respect was insured by the punishment already inflicted.

One evening, when returning home late from hunting, mixed with the melancholy howl of the jackals we heard a deeper growling note, which the sheikh and Bogo immediately announced to be the distant roar of a lion. At daylight next morning a party of natives were sent out to scour the country in that direction, to see if any traces could be discovered of the lion's whereabouts. About

mid-day they returned with the report that they had tracked two lions, evidently travelling in a south-westerly direction, but had been unable to come up with them, as, during the winter, when water is abundant, the lions travel long distances, remaining in no particular locality. It is the merest chance if one should be met with; nor was it our good fortune to meet with one during our stay at Alia. Though we killed no lions we got plenty of boar-hunting; and for ten days we remained at Alia, hunting, shooting, and, barring the stone beds, enjoying ourselves immensely. After the first day of our arrival we had no rain, but constant sunshine and mild, delightful weather, like a warm English May. The country was looking its best after the refreshing rains, decked out with fresh green foliage and flowers of every hue. Many a delicious spot for a camping-ground might have been picked out had we only possessed tents and other requisites for camp life, while all the dirt and discomfort of the town would thus have been avoided. There might, however, have been more risk of fever, which, from the undrained state of the country, is very prevalent, and from which we all

afterwards suffered, more or less, though endeavouring to guard ourselves from it by daily doses of quinine.

Rumours of disturbances in various parts of the country reached our ears towards the end of February, making it advisable for us to give up all idea of penetrating further into the interior. We therefore bid adieu to our sporting friend the sheikh of Alia, and returned once more to Tunis, when the rumours of a rising in the south and west of the regency were confirmed. An Italian steamer being then at Goletta, we lost no time in securing berths on board; and early in March we steamed away for the Island of Pantellaria.

CHAPTER X.

PANTELLARIA AND MALTA.

CALYPSO'S ISLAND—HOT SPRINGS—VOLCANO—SUBMARINE VOLCANIC FIRES—SCIROCCO—MALTA—VALETTA—THE STRADA REALE—THE CLUB—SUMMER AMUSEMENTS AT VALETTA—THE MARIANINA—CULTIVATION OF COTTON—THE FLORIANA GARDENS—CITTÀ VECCHIA—OUR PETS—LEAVE MALTA—THE SHORES OF GREECE—NATURAL PHENOMENON—ARRIVE AT THE PIRÆUS.

THE calm which we met off Tunis changed about midnight of 21st September to a breeze from the south-west, increasing towards morning to a strong scirocco, with falling glass and heavy squalls. At daylight we sighted the north-west point of Pantellaria, and were soon running down the north-east coast of Calypso's mountainous island.

Pantellaria, the ancient Cossyra, now belongs to Italy, and has steam communication with Tunis and Sicily. The anchorage is at a little distance outside the harbour of Pantellaria, a poor town on the north-west side of the island, where such a heavy swell comes rolling in, that the lively motion of the

Italian steamer in which I first visited the island is indelibly impressed on my memory. A short visit to its extinct volcanoes and craters, hot-springs, and curious grottoes, is extremely interesting, the whole island being of volcanic origin. Many parts of the interior are well cultivated with olives, vines, fruit-trees, and cotton, while chestnut, oak, and evergreen-scrub clothe the mountain sides. About the centre of the island the mountain rises to its greatest height, and contains within its summit a crater now forming a small lake, of which the depth is said to be unfathomable. Between the north point of Pantellaria and the coast of Sicily an island was, in 1831, thrown up from the sea to a height of a hundred and eighty feet. In six months the volcano had again sunk below the surface of the sea, leaving only a shoal to mark where it had been. Such was, probably, the origin of Pantellaria; but, fortunately for its inhabitants, the subterranean fires appear to be now extinct. A garrison of Italian troops are maintained at the town of Pantellaria, where indifferent accommodation can be obtained at a small hotel.

Throughout the day and night the wind increased

in violence till it blew a strong gale, sending us scudding along under close-reefed mainsail and jib. The hot blast of the scirocco made the atmosphere almost unbearable, but drove us along so well that at daylight on the morning of the 22nd we entered the harbour of Valetta, and by 6·30 a.m. were safely moored to one of the government buoys in French Creek. In the cutter a flying-fish was found dead, washed in during the night by one of the heavy seas which occasionally broke over us. We were fortunate to reach Malta when we did, as during the next four days it blew a violent gale, raising clouds of dust, which came sweeping from the shore across the harbour, covering the deck with sand, and driving locusts down the sky-lights into the cabins — visitors sufficiently unwelcome, yet better than the drenching seas we should have shipped had we encountered the storm far from a sheltering port.

Valetta, the modern capital of Malta, is situated on a long promontory separating the Grand from the Quarantine Harbour. The houses are built of stone, with flat tops, and balconies projecting over the narrow streets. Parallel streets run the length

of the neck of land, crossed at right angles by other streets, which mount the hill by a succession of steps leading from the harbours at either side. At the extremity of the neck of land stands Fort Saint Elmo, defending the entrance to both harbours. The interior of this fort has been lately rebuilt, and the walls have been strengthened, in order to bear the heavy pieces of artillery which are there mounted, under the discharge of which they had begun to crumble away.

From the fort the Strada Reale runs along the summit of the promontory to the Porta Reale, containing within its length most of the principal buildings of the town; the governor's palace with its curious armoury, the church of St. John with its mosaic, marbles, and tombs of more than four hundred of the knights, the best hotels and shops, and the fine new opera-house and club.

To the latter institution strangers can be introduced by officers of the army or navy stationed in the island, and be made honorary members for a fortnight, a privilege for which we felt extremely grateful, the cool lofty rooms affording a retreat from the heat and musquitoes, which everywhere

else made our lives a burden to us. During the week we spent at Malta, we had full experience of the "scirocco, sun, and sweat" characteristics of Valetta during the autumn months, making exercise during the day almost impossible, and exposure to the sun dangerous. During the hot hours of the day the streets were almost deserted, except down by the harbour, where the footpaths were thickly packed with rows of sleeping figures, boatmen, idlers, and beggars, the latter class being wonderfully numerous and importunate at Malta.

About an hour before sunset, Valetta awoke to life and activity. Pedestrians crowded the footpaths, while inside cars rattled down the Strada Reale, each driven by a ragged copper-coloured Maltese, seated on one of the shafts, from which his legs hung down, innocent of any covering but dirt. Another species of conveyance now going out of use at Malta, are heavy gaudily-painted cabriolets, something like those seen at Naples, on which any number of people can be packed.

The frequent passage of troops through the town, headed by their bands, appeared to furnish the most intense excitement and gratification to the natives,

hundreds of whom would march in front of the soldiers, singing at the top of their voices the words of "Marianina," a popular melody lately imported from Naples, to the music of which the regiments generally marched.

The geographical position of Malta, as an outpost between Europe and Africa, besides giving it importance in a strategic point of view as commanding the Mediterranean, has made the language of the Maltese rather more Arabic than European. Italian is generally spoken throughout the island, and English understood in Valetta, while pure Arabic is as well spoken as the native patois by the numerous Maltese who flock to the coasts of Barbary, Egypt, and Syria, where they form influential colonies in all the maritime towns, following the profession of merchants, dragomans, etc.

Though the island is by nature a barren rock, only twenty-eight leagues in circuit, it contains a hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants, not a third of which number it is capable of supporting. Soil has been brought from Sicily, and in the numerous little fields and gardens stretching between the houses and villages which

crowd the island, fruit trees, especially orange, corn, and cotton, are cultivated by the industrious natives. To judge by the stunted little cotton-bushes which were thinly growing in the fields between Valetta and Città Vecchia, the cultivation of cotton can hardly be a paying concern, though the oranges have a world-wide reputation. Numerous bees, with many thousands of cattle and sheep, are maintained on the island, in case of supplies being cut off from the garrison in time of war. The principal productions sold at Valetta are the silver filigree work, embroidery, lace, and carving in the soft stone of which the island is composed; exquisite specimens of the latter in the way of vases, antique jugs, etc., being procurable at prices varying from two to twenty pounds.

As the opera season had not yet commenced, the evening's amusement consisted in repairing, between nine and eleven o'clock in the evening, to the Florina gardens, where a military band played for the amusement of a large company, who walked up and down, listening to the music, talking, flirting, or otherwise enjoying the balmy air of the southern night, so delicious after the heat of the day.

Having visited Città Vecchia, with its catacombs, the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck, and other sights of the island, we concluded our stay in harbour with the purchase of two little white Maltese terriers, a French poodle without a tail, and an African monkey, to which we afterwards added another monkey purchased at Athens, the whole lot of animals affording us constant amusement during our long voyages.

On the morning of Monday, 27th September, we slipped from the government buoy to which we had moored, and proceeded to sea with fine clear weather and a light north-westerly breeze.

For three days we had constant and favouring breezes from the north-west, with clear warm weather during the daytime, though the evenings were becoming perceptibly cooler, enabling us to get unbroken rest at night, a luxury which we had not enjoyed for nearly two months.

Shoals of black fish and porpoises frequently came up near the yacht, where the ever ready harpoon transfixed with unerring aim any rash animal that approached within reach from the bows of the "Evadne."

On the morning of the fourth day we sighted the high rugged point of Cape Matapan, the centre of the three southern promontories of Greece. Crossing the gulf of Kolokythia we quickly reached the narrow channel which separates the island of Cerigo from the mainland of Laconia. Cerigo, the ancient Cythera, having formerly been under the protection of the British government, as forming one of the Ionian Island States, boasts of a light-house, a protection to mariners which is shamefully neglected by the Grecian government on the promontories of the Morea and islands of the Archipelago. The coast of both mainland and island is rocky, mountainous, and bare, and, but for the exquisite colouring of the mountains, so peculiar to Greece, would be dreary and forbidding. In the channel we encountered a natural phenomenon, not unfrequent in the squally Archipelago. We lay for more than an hour in a dead calm, while a few miles ahead and astern of us violent squalls swept across the sea, compelling large ships to reef, and driving the small native boats along under little more than bare poles. The line of storm and calm was curiously distinct on the water, the angry

waves meeting the smooth sea as though they formed two distinct bodies separated by some invisible agency. Gradually we approached the line of foam, through which we presently were dashing, with two reefs in the mainsail, and water on the deck. Rounding Cape Malia we soon left the blue hills of Crete far astern, the islands of the Cyclades and lofty headlands of the main on either hand presenting to the eye the most lovely and ever-varying forms. Passing during the night the islands of the Saronic Gulf, early morning found us off the coast of Attica, and at 7 A.M. on the 1st October we cast anchor in the Piræus, the ancient and modern harbour of Athens.

CHAPTER XI.

ATHENS.

THE PIRÆUS—THE HARBOUR—THE ONLY RAILROAD IN GREECE——MODERN ATHENS—THE PALACE—THE GARDENS—ANCIENT MONUMENTS AT ATHENS—THE OLYMPEIUM—FOUNTAIN OF CALLIRHOE—THE ACROPOLIS—THE PARTHENON—THE ATHENIAN GODDESS OF VICTORY—TEMPLES OF MINERVA—THE CARYATIDES—THEATRES—LYCABETTUS—THE PNYX—TEMPLE OF THESEUS—OTHER REMAINS—MODERN GREEKS—THE LATE BARBAROUS MASSACRE BY BRIGANDS—LOVE OF MONEY—THE ROMAÏKA—GRECIAN DRESS AND CUSTOMS.

THE harbour of the Piræus is a small circular basin formed by Nature, about three quarters of a mile in width. The entrance is very narrow, ships being obliged to pass between the two ruined pedestals on which formerly stood figures of lions. Both have long since been removed, one of them now adorning the front of the arsenal at Venice.

From these figures the harbour obtained the name by which it is sometimes known, that of Port Leoni. Large ships of war can anchor in the harbour, which has a depth of water of ten fathoms decreasing to

five, the water becoming shallow near the town. All the time we lay in the Piræus, the harbour presented a most animated appearance, being crowded with ships of war flying the flags of every maritime power in Europe, in addition to the one ironclad and two frigates which represented the naval power of Greece. England's great navy was represented by a gun-boat of such small dimensions that she appeared no larger than the "Evadne," looking like a tender to the huge French and Russian line-of-battle ships between which she lay. Though the harbour of the Piræus affords an excellent shelter from every wind that blows, the ancient navy of Athens must have been composed of very small craft indeed to have found room within the narrow limits of the port, even with the additional space afforded by the small adjacent bays which formed the ancient harbours of Phalerum and Munychia.

The only ancient remains near the three harbours are the ruins of the long walls, the tomb of Themistocles, hewn in the rock, on the point of which now stands a signal mast, and the remains of a small temple on the hill above Munychia,

consisting of the platform and some broken columns.

Excellent quays are now constructed round the head of the harbour of the Piræus, close to which are moored the small native boats which cruise about the bay between the coasts of Attica and the Morea.

A good modern town has been built within the last few years, containing at present a population of about seven thousand inhabitants. Broad streets with well-built houses, among which are two hotels, and an immense number of wine shops, constitute the principal features of the town, while a considerable trade is done in olive oil, fruit, and wine, grown in the richly cultivated country lying between Athens and its port. A good road, shaded by overhanging trees, leads from the Piræus to Athens, a distance of five miles, though the principal traffic is by the railway constructed in 1868, the only one at present existing in Greece. The railway, called in modern Greek "Siderodromos," iron road, by conveying passengers to Athens in twenty minutes, the trains running every half-hour from daylight nearly up to midnight, enabled us to see

as much of Athens, though living on board our yacht in the Piræus, as if we had stayed in the city itself. The train which conveyed us to Athens, after passing through a succession of fruit gardens, olive groves, and vineyards, deposited us at the railway station situated near the temple of Theseus.

After the war of independence, Athens was little more than a heap of ruins with unroofed houses and deserted streets. In 1832 we read that "the least ruined objects are some of the ruins." At the present time, 1869, Athens is a well-built and rapidly increasing town, with about seventy thousand inhabitants. It is situated nearly in the centre of the great plain of Attica, between the Cephissus on the west and the Ilissus on the south-east, at the foot of Mount Lycabettus, and at the northern base of the rock of the Acropolis.

Two principal streets cross one another at right angles, Hermes Street, which continues the road from the Piræus up to the square in front of the Royal Palace, and Æolus Street, which, starting from the foot of the Acropolis, meets Hermes Street about the centre of the town, and is continued in the direction of Patissia. These two streets contain

excellent shops, where all sorts of English and French goods can be procured, and books in every European language. Public buildings, adorned with marble from the quarries of Mount Pentelicus, which have lately been re-opened, two excellent hotels, the Grande Brétagne and the Angleterre, in the square before the palace, churches, a university, a library containing 80,000 volumes, gymnasia, colleges, schools, and theatres, unite to make modern Athens quite a respectable European capital. The palace, built by King Otho about thirty years ago, has only one thing to recommend it, namely, its fine situation, which commands a view over the town, the ruins, and the surrounding country. It is an immense quadrangular edifice, resembling a barrack, and presents an ugly and heavy appearance. The interior, however, contains some handsome rooms, decorated with frescoes illustrating scenes in the late war, and two private chapels, in one of which is performed the Greek, and in the other the Protestant mass, as we were informed by the Greek official who showed us over the palace. To the south and east of the palace extend the gardens, laid out by the late Queen Amelia, and

forming quite a park, planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers from both the temperate and torrid zones. They are open to the public in the afternoon, and are the pleasantest place of resort in Athens, being free from the dust, glare, and heat of the town. The peculiar beauty of the gardens consists, however, in the vistas obtained of the great marble columns of the temple of Jupiter, visible above the groves of dark green pine-trees, and of the temple-crowned summit of the Acropolis standing out so marvellously distinct against the clear blue sky, the intervening buildings being concealed by the foliage of orange, lemon, palm, and rare varieties of pine-tree.

It is not in the present that the attractions of Athens lie, every other capital in Europe far surpassing it in wealth, in size, and in public amusements. Its interest consists in its monuments of antiquity, its memories of the greatest men of the heathen world, of Miltiades and Themistocles, Plato, Demosthenes, and Æschylus, names which have given undying interest to the land of their birth.

Time, climate, earthquakes, and above all, the hand of man, have dealt so hardly with the monuments of Athens, that the first sight of them

in their present condition of ruinous decay is, perhaps, disappointing. I first visited Athens, fresh from the mighty temples of Egypt, and the gigantic ruins of Palmyra and of Baalbec, and, certainly, experienced a sense of disappointment at the comparative smallness and far greater ruin of the Athenian antiquities. While the deserts of Egypt and Syria have preserved the ruins under the sand which covered them, they are far more in keeping with the monuments of the past, than are the modern buildings and the bustle of daily life which surround the Acropolis and temples of Athens. In architectural symmetry the latter have, however, the advantage over their more gigantic rivals, and for some thousand years have served as models for the finest buildings in the civilised world.

At the south end of the royal gardens extends the open space on which stands the white marble group of ten Corinthian columns, all that remain of the one hundred and twenty columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, the largest ever erected in honour of that deity. It was begun by Pisistratus, and finished six hundred years later by the Emperor Hadrian, who designed it to surpass in splendour all

the temples of Athens. Though said to be too high in proportion to their girth, the remaining columns constitute one of the most imposing ruins in the place. Seated in front of one of the small cafés close by, where coffee and a fragrant narghileh may be procured for the modest sum of twopence, the stranger may see the rising Miltiades or Themistocles of the present day engaged in the intricacies of marching and drilling, the temple platform now serving as a parade ground. East of the temple flows the river Ilissus, and fountain of Callirhoe, the only fresh-water spring at Athens, now nearly dry. It is much frequented by the washerwomen of the city, a race not distinguished by any personal attractions, but rather by their unbecoming head-dress of thick plaits of hair coiled about the head, which is also bound round with a coloured handkerchief.

In the dry season the waters of the Ilissus and Cephissus almost fail, neither of them reaching the sea, and the scanty sources of Callirhoe show clearly how scarce the pure element is becoming, and what a change Nature has undergone since Pisistratus commenced his great temple to Jove.

A good carriage road shaded with pepper and

locust trees leads from the palace to the Olympeium, whence passing by the arch of Hadrian it winds up the hill of the Acropolis, ending under the walls of the Athenian citadel.

The Acropolis is an isolated rock, rising from the plain to a height of about three hundred feet, precipitous on all sides except the south-west. Its shape is oblong, measuring about three hundred yards in length by a hundred and fifty in breadth. Within the walls, which enclose the summit of the rock, exist the remains of three great temples, the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and Wingless Victory.

Along the western front extends the Propylæa or vestibule, built of white Pentelic marble, approached by a flight of marble steps through the centre of which runs the hollow road leading into the interior of the citadel from the ancient entrance, which has lately been cleared of the rubbish which concealed it. Along this road processions of horsemen and chariots ascended from the city to the temple of Minerva, at the celebration of the Panathenaic solemnities, the deeply worn marks of the chariot-wheels being still seen, indenting the stone surface of the road. So steep however is the ascent

that it is difficult to imagine how horses could have kept their footing on it, or chariots been dragged up the slippery incline.

On the terrace which projects from the proper left of the Propylæa stands the small temple of Wingless Victory, long concealed by being enclosed in a Turkish bastion. Its eight columns, four to the front and four to the back, are of the Ionic order, while the frieze is supposed to represent the battle of Marathon. This beautiful little temple was placed at the south-west angle of the Acropolis and dedicated to Wingless Victory, a delicate manner of securing the constant presence of the goddess, who was thus unable to desert the Athenian arms. The Spartans carried out the same idea in a different manner, by chaining their war-god to his shrine. Behind the temple of Victory rises the ugly square tower of Venetian architecture, the only one left standing of all the forts, mosques, and other edifices which a few years ago encumbered the enclosure of the Acropolis.

The great temple of Minerva, called the Parthenon, stands on the highest part of the rock, its huge Doric columns and frieze having for ages

served as models of architectural beauty to every nation of the civilised world. Erected by Pericles, and adorned by Phidias and his scholars, 439 B.C., it contained Phidias's colossal statue of Minerva, formed of ivory and gold, whence it was named the Parthenon or residence of the virgin goddess. North of the Parthenon is the curious temple of Minerva, called the Erechtheum, from Erechtheus, the ancient king of Attica who was buried in it. It consists of two distinct divisions, the eastern one dedicated to Minerva Polias, the western one to Pandrosus, daughter of Cecrops. Two of its porticoes are adorned with Ionic columns, the third with six female figures, called Caryatides, representing Athenian virgins dressed in their Panathenaic costume.

In the time of Pericles this temple contained the famous olive wood statue of Minerva, which fell down from heaven, the same Minerva who contended with Neptune for the dominion over the soil of Athens. Neptune struck the rock with his trident, causing a salt spring to burst forth; Minerva caused an olive tree to grow up from the earth. To the giver of the tree of peace the Athenians

gave the prize, and Pallas Athena became the tutelary goddess of Athens. From Minerva's gift are said to have sprung all the olives of Attica, though its introduction failed in promoting peace among the turbulent inhabitants. The spot is still pointed out where the spring gushed forth and the olive grew, both marked by deep fissures in the ground.

The third Minerva of the Acropolis was the Minerva Promachos, a great bronze statue, the work of Phidias. Standing in advance of the Parthenon, it faced the west, towards the Areopagus, the Agora, and the Pnyx. The gigantic statue, seventy feet in height, armed with spear, shield, and helmet, was visible to the sailor approaching the Piræus from Sunium, while the reflecting light on the golden armour shone even to the height of Acrocorinthus. When Alaric, king of the Visigoths, conquered Athens in the year of Our Lord 396, he is said to have been terrified, when about to sack the Acropolis, by a vision of this mighty statue, stalking before the walls of the citadel.

The barbarian monarch appears to have spared the buildings, but removed such art treasures as were

portable. The statue has long since disappeared with so many other of the buildings, altars, and works of art which once adorned the Athenian citadel, the entire enclosure being filled with the mutilated remains of the handiworks of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Ictinus and Callistratus. These numerous remains are now arranged in a certain sort of order, while every visitor is carefully watched by an accompanying official, lest he should carry away any of the precious fragments. Considerable repairs have been executed, to prevent the further decay of the temples, especially in the Erechtheum, where the missing statue—carried to England by Lord Elgin with the consent of the Turkish authorities—has been replaced by a new one, and heads, arms, and legs supplied to such of the other Caryatides as time and human agency had deprived of those limbs.

Modern excavation has also discovered the secret passage from the Acropolis to the city, through the cave of Aglaurus, through which the priestesses bore the sacred baskets from the temple of Minerva Polias to the gardens of Venus. In 1863 the Theatre of Bacchus, on the eastern extremity of

the southern slope of the Acropolis, in which were represented the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, was excavated, bringing to light the lower parts of the building, wonderfully preserved by the rubbish which had so long concealed it. In the marble seats, the inscriptions which mark to whom they belonged are perfectly fresh and legible, while the orchestra and sculptured proscenium are both well preserved. The theatre of Herodes Atticus, on the western side of the southern slope, is remarkable for its walls pierced by successive tiers of arched windows, presenting a curious appearance. Both theatres seem rather small for a theatre-loving people like the Athenians. Being open to the air of heaven and commanding an extensive view, the spectator could combine the real with the imaginary, the scene represented on the stage with the mountains and sea which formed the real scene, over which his eye wandered; an advantage which would however be an extremely doubtful one in any climate less dry than that of Attica.

From the platform at the north-east angle of the Acropolis, the best view is obtained over the modern town of Athens, which lies mapped out

at the feet of the spectator, who can thus trace out the chief buildings, streets, and gardens of the city. The most prominent feature in all views of Athens is Mount Lycabettus, or the Hill of Light, borne by Minerva through the air and dropped where it now stands, its rocky conical summit far exceeding in height the Acropolis itself. It is now called Mount St. George, and is the north-east boundary of the modern town. On its summit stands a chapel of St. George, the successor of Jove, to whom the mountain was once sacred.

From whatever part of the Acropolis the traveller casts his eyes over the surrounding scenery, everywhere the view is grand and glorious; the name of every hill and mountain which encircles the plain has been familiar to him from childhood. The marble of Pentelicus, the honey of Hymettus, recur to his memory as household words while he gazes on the mountains celebrated for these productions. To the west he sees the low hill of the Areopagus, that Mars' Hill where St. Paul preached concerning the 'Unknown God.' Beneath it, to the south-west, lies the valley where was the Agora or public place of Athens, and beyond the Agora rises

the low rocky hill which formed the Pnyx, or Parliament of Athens. There the great Athenian orator, Demosthenes, standing on a block of stone, appealed to the earth which lay stretched beneath him, and to the gods who inhabited the temples above him, while an audience of perhaps six thousand Athenians filled the vast area, but little altered now from what it then was. Across the green vale of Athens the eye now traces the straight line of railway, an invention which it seems almost sacrilege to see amidst the olive groves of Minerva, and close to the temple-tomb of Theseus. Well might the old hero-king of Attica start from his grave with astonishment as the shrill whistle of the locomotive echoes through the deserted ruin which forms his mausoleum, proclaiming the superiority of the work accomplished by the western barbarian over the greatest achievement of his friend and relative Hercules.

The temple of Theseus, built of white Pentelic marble, of the Doric order of architecture, stands on an isolated hill, round which the modern carriage road, from the Acropolis to the railway station, sweeps. Built by Cimon the son of Miltiades, in

the year 469 B.C., it is the best preserved ruin in Athens. In it were deposited the ashes of Theseus, brought to this place from the island of Scyros, the scene of his banishment and death. It now serves as a museum, in which are stored altars, statues, and other remains of art, in a more or less mutilated condition. At the northern foot of the Acropolis, at the end of Æolus Street, stands the Tower of the Winds, an octagonal building, on the eight faces of which are carved the figures and names of the eight winds, each turned towards that quarter of the heavens from which it blows. In the interior may still be seen channels cut in the pavement belonging to the ancient hydraulic clock which received its waters by an aqueduct, still visible, from a fountain of the Acropolis. This clock served as a town chronometer when a cloudy day made the sun-dial, which was drawn on the exterior, useless. Another small building still in tolerable preservation is the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the only surviving one of a street of temples supporting the tripods gained by victorious choragi in the Theatre of Bacchus, whence the name of Street of Tripods.

Everywhere in the neighbourhood of Athens, walls, tombs, and other monuments of the old classical city exist, but in such a ruinous condition that their names are unknown, while many important places in the topography of the ancient city have altogether disappeared. Only a few fragments remain of the long walls which united Athens with its three harbours. The statues and groves of the academy of Plato have utterly disappeared. The reckless destruction of the pine forests and aromatic scrub which once covered the now bald summits of the Attic mountains, has caused the supply of water throughout the country to decrease to a serious extent, drying up the fountains and rivers of Athens, and making the east coast of Attica in many places uninhabitable for want of that element, which must once have been abundant enough to supply the many towns then existing on that side of the peninsula.

Changed as is the face of Nature, the inhabitants are yet more changed from the time when the Greeks were examples of civilization to the world. Robberies on land and piracy at sea make the state of Greece at the present day a disgrace to civilized

Europe. It is not thought safe to drive from Athens to Marathon without an escort, unless there be a large party well armed, while travellers by sea hardly dare leave their yachts when cruising along the coast, lest they should be carried off to the mountains by the brigands until ransomed, their yachts being in the mean time pillaged.* A French ship driven ashore at Zante only the other day was attacked and wrecked; and the state of the country is now infinitely worse than in 1861. At that time, owing to the vigorous measures taken by King Otho to suppress brigandage, travelling was comparatively safe, enabling me to ride from Athens to Sparta, and thence to Patras, without any accident, a journey which, to judge from the reports of the guides and dragomans at Athens, it would now be impossible to make in safety. A well armed party can of course travel where a small one would not dare to venture, yet the in-

* Since the above was written, the barbarous massacre of Messrs. Herbert, Vyner, Lloyd, and Count de Boyl, of the Italian legation, by the brigands near Oropo on the Negropont, has drawn the eyes of Europe to the disgraceful state of Greece. The king is a mere royal puppet, utterly powerless; but the ministers are well aware of the state of the country, and are said at Athens to keep their eyes shut to brigandage from interested motives.

terior of the Morea is at present ground where the ordinary tourist does not care to trust himself, nor could dragomans be found at Athens to attempt a journey into the interior either of northern or southern Greece.

Though Athens has considerably improved within the last ten years, a railroad having been constructed, and a few more roads opened in the country, the Greeks are far from having made that national progress about which they swagger so much and towards which they do so little.

The love of money is a distinguishing feature in the character of the people, to whom the words of the old French proverb, slightly altered, "Point de monnaie, point de Grec," will be found applicable by every traveller in Greece.

It requires but a very short visit to Athens and Constantinople to see how miserably inadequate are the resources of the Greek nation to carry on a war with the Ottoman Empire, unless certain of the support of one of the first-rate European powers, and to perceive what an example of their vanity and folly the Greeks showed when only the congress assembled at Paris in January, 1869, prevented such

a rupture, while the young King George was near being driven from the country for not going to war with Turkey in spite of the great powers. Before the Greeks attempt to extend their territory, it would be well for them to mend their manners, and so to improve the country which now constitutes the Hellenic kingdom, that when the time comes for the solution of the great Eastern question, they may have proved themselves worthy of obtaining their share of European Turkey. I think few people who have had an opportunity of seeing how the Greeks manage their own affairs at home, would care to see a new Greek empire with Constantinople for its capital, my own experiences of Greece having made me anything but a Philhellenist.

Besides the brigands, malarious fevers are so prevalent in Greece that from June to the latter end of September the country is too unhealthy to travel in without running great risk of sickness.

The horses of the country are generally good and cheap, and are the usual means of transport for travellers and baggage, owing to the scarcity of carriage roads. Hotels are only found in the principal towns, but lodging and food can always

be had either at monasteries or at the peasants' houses. During an excursion of over three weeks through the country, whenever I had occasion to stop for the night at any of the farm houses, hospitality was never refused, but the price to be paid was always agreed on beforehand, so that mine host ran no risk of loss.

The national dance of the Romaïka is an amusement to which the Greeks appear to be devoted. In every part of the country, and even in Greek cafés at Constantinople, I have seen circles of white-kilted men, and occasionally women, joining in the popular dance to the music of drum and fife, or an instrument like the German zither. The dancers who form the ring are generally linked together by holding on to bright-coloured handkerchiefs, singing and screaming most unmelodiously in company to the music, and moving round in a circle. In the middle of the ring, sometimes a man alone, sometimes a man and woman, execute the most marvellous steps until exhausted, when their place is taken by fresh dancers.

The Albanian costume is pretty generally worn throughout the country, consisting of a long red cap

with blue tassel, white linen shirt with loose sleeves, a jacket and waistcoat embroidered more or less richly according to the means of the wearer, a most voluminous white linen kilt, fastened round the waist by a silk or woollen sash, and embroidered gaiters, which complete an extremely picturesque costume.

An elegant figure seems to be a great point with the Greek youth, and from a very early age the waist is compressed so tightly by the kilt and sash, that many an English lady might envy that of a young Grecian exquisite. A fiercely curled moustache is worn by every Greek, who would as soon lose his life as part with the cherished ornament on his upper lip. The men have generally good features, though I remarked a tendency to a receding chin, both among the free Greeks and the Greek subjects of Turkey. The dress of the Islanders and Asiatic Greeks consists of baggy trousers, generally blue, fastened round the ankle or tucked into boots, with a jacket and waistcoat of some coarse woollen material, and a red sash round the waist, or a belt containing an assortment of clumsy pistols and daggers.

The Athenian women have generally adopted the European costume, though occasionally the long red cap with gold tassel is worn on the head. In the country villages a more peculiar dress is seen, consisting of a white woollen stuff, with embroidered fringes, an embroidered chemise, and a quantity of gold and silver coins hung round the neck and twisted up with the hair. Throughout Greece the women are decidedly wanting in good looks and grace of carriage, being much given to flesh and the use of the paint brush. King George does not, like his predecessor King Otho, wear the national costume, which perhaps accounts for the European dress being much more generally worn in Athens now than formerly, and among the crowds of people who every afternoon drove, walked, or sat in front of the cafés, along the Patissia road, the Athenian Corso, or in the evening crowded into the Place below the Palace to listen to the military band, those who wore the Greek dress were less numerous than those who had adopted the European.

CHAPTER XII.

ELEUSIS—CORINTH—ARGOS—NAUPLIA.

START FOR NAUPLIA—PRECAUTIONS AGAINST BRIGANDS—THE VIA SACRA—ELEUSIS—THE MYSTERIES—MEGARA—THE KAKI-SCALA—OUR NIGHT'S LODGING—CORINTH—THE ACRO-CORINTHUS—MAGNIFICENT VIEW—NEW CORINTH—THE DERVENAKIA—ESCAPE FROM BRIGANDS—MYCENÆ—THE HERÆUM—TALE OF FILIAL AFFECTION—NAUPLIA—ARGOS—RUINS OF TIRYNS—SPEZZIA AND HYDRA.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the rumours of brigands, the neighbourhood of Corinth being said to be particularly bad, we determined to make an expedition from Athens to Eleusis, Megara, Corinth, Argos, and Nauplia, returning thence to the Piræus.

We, accordingly, secured the services of an Albanian named Dimitri, recommended to us as a good dragoman by some friends, and hired horses with English saddles and a baggage mule, all good and serviceable animals, for the sum of eight drachmas each a day—about five shillings and sixpence of our money. In charge of the animals came two men,

who also served as guides. Ourselves, our dragoman, and our guides were all provided with a small armoury, in the way of revolvers, rifles, and hunting-knives, a precaution which events afterwards proved to be extremely necessary.

As there is a good carriage road to Eleusis we sent on the horses over night to meet us there, we ourselves effecting an early start the following morning in a comfortable carriage.

Leaving Athens on the western side, we passed through a grove of olive trees, survivors of the olive groves of Plato and the Academy, crossed the Cephissus, and entered the pass between Mounts Icarus and Corydallus. Thence we descended to the monastery of Daphne, near which stood the temples of Apollo and of Venus. The road which we followed was in ancient times the most celebrated in Greece; for along it moved the great annual procession from Athens to Eleusis, to celebrate at that sacred city the most famous ceremony of the heathens, the Eleusinian Mysteries, called by Sophocles "a foretaste of the felicity of the gods." Every year there was borne along this road the figure of Bacchus, the son of Ceres, followed by a multitude of wor-

shippers, the marks of whose chariot wheels are yet visible on the stone pavement of the road, which to the present day remains entire in some parts of the plain near the sea coast.

From the monastery of Daphne the road approaches the sea shore and passes the two salt lakes of Rheti, formerly sacred to Ceres and Proserpine. Coasting the beautiful lake-like bay of Eleusis for some distance, we made a slight bend to the right, and, passing through some olive groves, at the end of an hour and a-half's drive from Athens, reached the small village which at the present day represents the ancient sacred city of Eleusis.

Grottoes and vaults, propylea, and marble ruins are all that remain of the temples and sanctuaries where Ceres was worshipped and the famous Mysteries celebrated. So sacred were the secrets revealed to the initiated, and such was the awe with which they were regarded, that no record of them has come down to modern times. The outward circumstances, however, which attended the celebration of the Mysteries are well known, and from them some idea of their nature may be gleaned.

On the tenth day, after fasting and purification, the initiated were clothed in the sacred fawn skin, and led at evening into the temple. There they were clothed in gorgeous robes and crowned with wreaths of myrtle, while their eyes were dazzled with brilliant scenes, and their ears charmed with melodious strains. They then were shown visions of the creation of the world, and of the divine agency by which it was ruled. The earth, before the visit of Ceres, was represented, and the subsequent introduction of agriculture, law, and civilisation. The immortality of the soul was recognised in the history of the abduction of Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, symbolised by a representation of a grain of corn, which first is concealed in the ground, then springs up and grows, till it ripens for the harvest;—a mystery mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Corinthians: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

A spectacle was then exhibited of that happy change into which the initiated should enter hereafter, having previously enjoyed the greatest amount

of happiness to which man could aspire in the present life.

At Eleusis we found the horses which had been sent on from Athens, and, mounting them, continued our journey across the plain. A ride of two hours, chiefly through groves of olive trees, brought us to the modern town of Megara, situated at the foot of the lofty Mount Patera. The town is large but ruinous, and contains but few remains of antiquity. Of the ancient citadel, situated on the summit of a high hill, commanding a fine view over land and sea, only some shapeless ruins now mark the site.

Halting under the shade of an old olive tree, we rested ourselves and our horses; and then followed the remains of the great walls which ran down from the ancient city to its port, Nicæa, on the gulf, a distance of about two miles.

Further on we reached the pass of the Kaki-Scala, the ancient Scironean Rocks. There we rode along a narrow and rather dangerous pass, cut in the mountain-side, for over two hours. Above our heads rose the grand rocks of Mount Geranion, forming a wall on our right; on our left, far below,

at the bottom of the precipice, we looked straight down on the blue waters of the bay. Arrived at the end of the passage we soon after reached the village of Kineta, where we halted for the night at a small farm house belonging to a friend of our servant. There, our worthy Greek host, having ascertained that we were able and willing to pay our way, prepared for us the best food and lodging at his command. The farm house, which was considerably in need of repairs, was unprovided with any sleeping accommodation for strangers in the way of beds or bedding. So, after supper, some heaps of hay and corn leaves were arranged on the floor, over which we spread our rugs; and, notwithstanding fleas and other vermin, managed to sleep tolerably comfortably till morning.

By nine A.M. we were again in the saddle, and, continuing our route across a sandy plain, in three hours reached Kalamachi, the port of Corinth on the Saronic Gulf. This village has attained to some importance from the Austrian-Lloyd and Greek Steamboat Companies having established there stations for their steamers which ply between the Isthmus and the Piræus. Across the Isthmus a

road has been constructed to the port of New Corinth, lately built on the Gulf of Corinth, whence corresponding steamers run to Patras and the Ionian Islands.

From Kalamachi we followed the road across the Isthmus, passing on our right the site of the sacred grove where the Isthmian games were celebrated. The only vestiges now remaining are those of the Stadium, the Theatre, and the foundations of the Temples of Neptune and Palæmon. Thence we crossed a region covered with scrub, and, passing some deep stone quarries and other remains, arrived at the site of an amphitheatre of great size, but in a bad state of preservation. We then shortly reached the site of ancient Corinth, whence we despatched our dragoman to New Corinth to secure rooms at the only hotel of which the village can boast. The only interesting ruin now existing at Old Corinth is that of the temple, of which seven fluted columns and the architrave are still standing; but to what god or goddess the temple was dedicated is unknown.

On foot we made the ascent of the magnificent hill of the Acro-Corinth, on which stands, and for

three thousand years has stood, the Citadel of Corinth. The hill, nearly nineteen hundred feet high, is ascended by a steep path which twines up its western side. So fiercely did the sun beat down on our heads as we toiled up, that only a strong sense of duty impelled us to proceed, and the prospect of seeing the sun set over one of the most glorious panoramic views in the world. An hour's ascent brought us to the gate at the entrance to the fortress, through which we passed into the great enclosure, of which the walls encircle a space far greater than that of the Athenian Acropolis. Within are found the ruins of houses, churches, and mosques, and a spring of excellent water, supposed to be that which was known in ancient times as the fountain of Peirene, at which Pegasus was caught, when drinking, by Bellerophon.

On the highest summit of the rock is a ruined mosque, standing on the site of the ancient Temple of Venus, whence is obtained the extensive view which is said to extend over the whole of Greece. In the distance rise the lofty peaks of Parnassus and Cithæron, and the mountains of Argos and Arcadia are seen extending back to the furthest point the

eye can reach. The Gulf of Corinth and the rocky coast beyond, the islands of Salamis and Ægina, Cape Sunium and the Acropolis of Athens, are all embraced in the glorious panorama. A gorgeous sunset,—which bathed in hues of crimson, purple, and gold the sky, the mountains, and the seas,—made even the barren isthmus look beautiful as we descended from the Acropolis and repaired to our hotel for the night.

The site for the present village of New Corinth was fixed on from the fact of some houses which stood there remaining unmoved during the earthquakes which shook down most of the houses of Old Corinth. The whole of the isthmus has now a bad name for the prevalence of malaria fevers; nor is it probable that, even should the ship canal which is now in contemplation be constructed, New Corinth will ever grow into a worthy successor of Old Corinth,—of that city which colonised Corcyra, founded Syracuse, and was called "The Wealthy." To judge by our supper and night's rest, the chief wealth of New Corinth consists of oil, garlic, musquitoes, and fleas.

Heavy clouds enveloped the summits and rolled

along the sides of Parnassus and Cithæron, while the waters of the gulf appeared dark and angry, as we looked across from the line of hills which separate Corinth from Argos, promising us that some part, at least, of our day's ride between the two cities should be a wet one. Descending the hills, we plunged into the wild defilé of the Dervenakia, so narrow that the walls of rock which rise on either side leave, in some places, a passage not more than twelve to fifteen feet in width. This defile, called by the ancients Tretus, or the perforated road, was the scene of a terrible massacre in the War of Independence. The Turkish army, endeavouring to escape from the plain of Argos, rashly entered the defiles, where they were encountered by a deadly fire from the Greek enemy above, who, themselves in safety, shot down the foe, to whom resistance or retreat was equally impossible. Such, the historian of the Revolution relates, was the booty obtained, that in every town in the country arms and dresses were offered for sale from morning to night.

We had just emerged on to the little narrow plain at the end of the first defile, when our

dragoman, who was riding in advance of the party, suddenly pulled up, and, pointing to a spot about fifty yards ahead, where some stunted evergreen oak trees grew among the rocks, declared that he had seen the gleam of a gun-barrel. With our fingers on the triggers of our revolvers we rode steadily on, keeping well together, but casting anxious glances towards the suspected spot. As we approached, two armed men stepped forward into the path and inquired who we were, and where we were going to. Our dragoman having replied that we were Englishmen travelling to Nauplia, they asked no further questions, but stood leaning on their long guns until we were some distance off, when they moved away in the opposite direction to that pursued by us. The sight of our arms, and the fact of our only having one baggage mule, probably saved us from being molested, as, from their appearance in the wild lonely spot where we met them, and their suspicious questions, there could be little doubt but that our two friends belonged to some of the bands of brigands who make travelling in Greece such a dangerous amusement. Our dragoman even asserted that he knew the band

to which the men belonged, and had heard at Corinth that they were in the neighbourhood.

Half-an-hour afterwards we reached the plain of Argos, on the northern margin of which is the hill on which stand the ruins of Mycenæ. These ruins are described by the historian Thucydides, four centuries and a half before the Christian era, as existing in his time in much the same state as we now see them. The walls, which are of Cyclopean construction, rise on the western side to a height of over twenty feet, presenting a curiously preserved specimen of a stronghold in the Heroic Ages. The Gate of Lions, situated at the north-west angle of the wall, has over it, carved in relief on a block of green basalt, one of the most ancient monuments of the art of Grecian sculpture. The device consists of two headless lions divided by a column, and is supposed to represent the armorial bearings of the city of Mycenæ. Though they are but rude specimens of carving they must still have been welcome to the eyes of Agamemnon, the King of Men, when he returned to his palace within this Gate of Lions after his long absence of ten years at the siege of Troy. Ruins overgrown with weeds

and long grass are all that now remain within the enclosure. By torchlight we viewed the subterranean chamber known as the Treasury of Atreus, remarkable for the symmetry of its structure and its state of preservation, though three thousand years have elapsed since the stones were laid together, no mortar being used in the building. In the vaulted apartment were stowed such stores of wealth belonging to the early kings as were befitting the rulers of Golden Mycenæ.

We next visited the hillock, distant about a mile from Mycenæ, where have been discovered the substructions of the Heræum, or Temple of Juno, the patron deity of Argos, the scene of that act of filial affection, of which the story is told by Herodotus in his account of the conversation between Solon, the Athenian sage, and Crœsus, the wealthy Lydian monarch, at Sardis. "Whom do you consider the most fortunate of men?" asked the king. "Cleobis and Biton of Argos," answered the sage; "because when the feast of Juno was being celebrated these youths, when their mother's cattle had strayed, themselves drew her chariot from Argos to the temple, whither her duties called her. On arrival

at the Heræum the assembled people congratulated the mother on the filial affection of her sons, who had been also victorious in the gymnastic contests. Her heart full of love and pride in her children, the mother entered the temple, and, standing before the statue of the goddess, prayed that her sons might partake of the greatest good in the divine power to bestow, or in theirs to receive. The brothers after this, having sacrificed, lay down in the temple to sleep, and never awoke on earth. The people of Argos erected their statues and placed them in the temple at Delphi." Thus was attained the "happy ending to a happy life," considered by Solon as more to be desired than all the power and wealth of Crœsus.

"Yet, all surveyed, he calmly said, 'I may not call thee blest
Till life is o'er, and change no more, in the realms of endless rest.'"

BODE'S *Ballads from Herodotus.*

From the Heræum we continued our way across the dusty plain, of which the chief productions are Indian corn and tobacco, and over which are scattered numerous small villages. When within half-an-hour's ride of Nauplia the clouds, which had been gathering all day, broke over us in torrents of

rain, which poured through the streets in cataracts as we rode into the town and dismounted at the chief hotel, situated on the Place des Platanes.

Nauplia, or Napoli di Romagna, is the third most important town in Greece, ranking after Athens and Patras. Situated on a rocky peninsula on the north-east shore of the Gulf of Nauplia, it possesses a good harbour; but is an unhealthy place, owing to the exhalations from the marshes which border the bay. Seven hundred feet above the town rises the lofty rock on which is built the fortress of Palamedes, so called in memory of one of Homer's Trojan heroes. This fortress, which has stood successive sieges by Greek, Venetian, Turk, and patriots, is supposed to be impregnable, the approach being up eight hundred steps cut in the rock.

At the close of the War of Independence Nauplia became the seat of government; and on the threshold of the church of St. Spiridion was assassinated the first president of Greece, Count Capodistria, who made himself unpopular by his subserviency to Russian interests, and was also suspected of a design to make himself king. The murder was, however, an act of private revenge, perpetrated by

George Mauromichali, for the imprisonment of his father, the Mainote prince.

The town is well built, with regular though narrow streets, and with one good square, which is chiefly occupied by the hotel, barracks, government buildings, and cafés. Ruins of the old walls still remain, apparently of the same date as those of Argos; while the more modern walls and buildings exhibit traces of the various masters of the place. Here the winged lion of St. Mark's, there the crescent of Turkey, which are now surmounted by the blue and white flag of independent Greece.

The morning after our arrival the sun again shone out bright and clear, promising us a fine morning for our drive across the plain to visit the ruins of Argos and Tiryns before leaving by the afternoon steamer for the Piræus.

An hour's drive in a north-westerly direction brought us to Argos, situated at a distance of a mile and a half from the head of the bay, and about six miles by road from Nauplia. Modern Argos is a ruinous town, chiefly built of mud, and covering a considerable extent of ground. The inhabitants seemed to consist principally of children,

who crowded round us, clamouring for coppers. Behind the town rises, to a height of over a thousand feet, the hill of the Acropolis, on which stood the ancient citadel called Larissa. A ruined castle, of Venetian architecture, and some of the substructions of the ancient walls are all that now remain. The great charm and interest of the place now consists in the view obtained from the hill; the colouring of the plain, the mountains, and the sea being as beautiful as in the days of old, when gods and heroes lived on the soil of Greece, and gave an undying fame to the spots which lie mapped out beneath the spectator. The Argolic plain extends about ten miles, from the head of the gulf to the mountain passes leading to Corinth, the mountains forming a curve round it on all sides, except the south, which is bounded by the Gulf of Argos. Tobacco is now the chief produce of the plain, though flocks and herds graze the pastures, and horses, as in the days of Homer.

On the western edge of the bay is the Lernæan Pool, now a deep marsh, whence there arises a malaria more deadly than the hundred-headed Hydra slain by Hercules.

Nearer the head of the bay the river Erasenus falls into the sea, supposed by the ancients to pass by a subterranean chasm from Lake Stymphalus, in the north of Arcadia, the scene of another of the labours of Hercules. Northwards from the frontiers of Arcadia the river Inachus descends, seldom reaching the sea, though at the time of our visit, swollen by the rain of the previous day and night, it contained quite a volume of water. Southwards rises the conspicuous citadel of Nauplia, which derives its name from a son of Neptune; while, on the other side of the gulf, the mountains of Laconia fade away into the blue distance. Beneath the citadel, in the side of the hill, is the finely-preserved amphitheatre, of Roman date, which was capable of containing twenty thousand spectators. The seats are hewn in the rock, the various divisions and passages being easily traced. The last occasion when these numerous rows of vacant seats were occupied was that of the great popular assembly held under the presidency of Count Capodistria, after the declaration of the independence of Greece. From Argos a carriage road leads in a south-westerly direction

to Tripolitza, the modern capital of Arcadia, distant only one day's ride, whence, in one day more, Sparta may be visited, should the weather and the brigands permit of the excursion; the latter being now so numerous that travelling in the interior of Greece is almost out of the question.

Returning from Argos we stopped to visit the ruins at Tiryns, situated about half way to Nauplia. The remains consist of walls and galleries, constructed of huge blocks of stone, laid together without mortar,—ruins of a stronghold in the Heroic Ages. All that is known about them is that they were erected in pre-historic times by the Cyclops, were the residence of the infant Hercules, and excited the admiration of Homer when viewing the huge blocks employed in the building. Of the giant race who built Tiryns, the ruined walls are the only record.

Leaving Nauplia in the afternoon in a small Greek steamer, we made the island of Spezzia, twenty-three miles distant, in a couple of hours. Off the north-east end of the island we hove-to, awaiting the approach of a native boat with passengers, who were soon transferred to our deck.

The island, which is four miles in length, appears barren and dry, there being only one tolerable spring on it. The inhabitants are however celebrated as intrepid and skilful mariners, and did good service in the War of Independence. Numerous houses are scattered about the rocky ridge, on the highest point of which is a church dedicated to St. Elias.

From Spezzia we took our course to Hydra, still more barren and bare than the former island, but inhabited by a race of men so hardy and industrious that they have become the richest of the Greek islanders. The Hydriote sailors, by the dexterity with which they managed the fire-ships, were the terror of the Turkish navy during the war. The town of Hydra, rising in tiers up the mountain, appears well built from the sea, while handsome houses, surrounded by a few shrubs carefully cultivated, are dotted about the hill side, the white marble of which many of them are built making them conspicuous objects.

Having taken on board some more passengers at Hydra, we stood out across the Gulf of Ægina, the night closing in with a storm of wind and

rain even more violent than that of the preceding evening, in the midst of which we made the harbour lights of the Piræus, and soon after cast anchor in that well sheltered port.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRECIAN ISLANDS.

VAIN ATTEMPT TO ROUND CAPE COLONNA—SALE OF GRECIAN ANTIQUITIES—VISIT OF THE FRENCH EMPRESS—SALAMIS—PSYTTALEIA—NETTING—DESECRATION OF ENGLISH GRAVES—ISLAND OF ÆGINA—TEMPLE OF MINERVA—"OROS"—ROUGH CROSSING—FALL OF TEMPERATURE—CAPE COLONNA—PORT MANDRI—WINDBOUND—MINES OF LAUREUM—MARATHON—EUBŒA—LAST SIGHT OF THE SHORES OF GREECE.

As the morning of October 9th looked fine, we weighed anchor at daylight and proceeded to sea, the pilot leaving our yacht at Cape Themistocles. At noon we rounded Cape Colonna, and endeavoured to beat up the Gulf against a fast increasing wind and sea, necessitating double reefs in fore and main sail and storm jib. As the gale still increased in violence, we were forced to go about and run back to the Piræus, which we reached the same evening. The next day we visited the house of a Greek storekeeper in the Piræus, who offered to sell us an ancient statue lately discovered near Athens.

Various precautions were taken before showing the statue, as the sale and exportation of any antique object is strictly forbidden by the Government. A well-carved marble statuette of a naked Venus was at last produced from a trunk hidden in a corner of a wine-cellar, and offered to us for the sum of three hundred pounds. As the statue was only about eighteen inches in height, and the head appeared not to belong to the body, to which it was evidently joined by cement, we declined purchasing it at what seemed to us an exorbitant price.

On the morning of the 11th we were roused up by the firing of a cannon, and proceeding on deck found the Imperial yacht "Aigle" anchored alongside of us, having on board the Empress of the French, who had arrived during the night. Every ship in the harbour, including our yacht, was dressed out with flags from stem to stern, while yards were manned and salutes fired, as the young King of the Greeks, in full uniform, proceeded in the Royal barge to pay his respects to the Empress. In a short time both sovereigns stepped into the barge and were rowed ashore; while salutes again thundered out as their majesties landed and drove

away in the Royal carriages with an escort of rather irregular-looking dragoons. Triumphal arches and crowds of people in holiday dress made the Piræus gay; while Athens was filled with a picturesque mob of white-skirted men and highly-painted ladies. On the departure of the Empress for Constantinople the same evening, the ships in harbour were illuminated with Bengal lights, and flights of rockets were sent up, while a procession of boats decorated with Chinese lanterns, and having on board bands of music, rowed round the Imperial yacht before she got under way. As we were anchored next to the "Aigle," and only about fifty yards from her, we had the full benefit of the proceedings, which formed, on that beautiful, still, starlight night, one of the prettiest scenes imaginable.

In the afternoon we stowed the nets in the yacht's cutter, and started for a sail through the straits which divide Salamis on the east from the mainland, into the Gulf of Eleusis, the lake-like bay, where, four hundred and eighty years before Christ, was destroyed the mighty fleet of Xerxes, the King of Persia. From the southern slope of Mount Ægileus, which lay on our starboard bow

as we entered the straits, the Persian monarch viewed the battle, seated on a throne of gold with ivory feet. On the eastern side of the Gulf, he looked down on the Persian fleet, numbering over a thousand vessels; while on the western side lay the opposing navies of Athens, Ægina, and Sparta, numbering altogether only three hundred and ten ships. Victory, however, lay with Themistocles and his brave Greeks, who, trusting to their "wooden walls," destroyed the mighty Persian Armada, as two thousand years later the English fleet destroyed the Invincible Armada of Spain. The golden throne of Xerxes became the spoil of the conquerors, and was preserved in the Acropolis at Athens. Sailing by the little island of Psyttaleia, now called Lipso, where Persian troops were stationed to prevent the retreat of the Greeks, but were cut to pieces by the latter, we cruised along the shores of the mainland, occasionally running into some of the numerous little bays. When the water was not too deep, or the bottom too rocky, the nets were put down and afterwards hauled up on shore. Grey mullet, flatfish, and a species of rock bream generally rewarded our toil, though some hauls we caught nothing

owing to the mullet jumping over the top of the net—a means of escape in which they showed wonderful activity. We observed ruins of an ancient sea-wall running from the Piræus a long distance round the coast, while at the head of some of the inlets were numerous ancient foundations. The island of Salamis, now called Koulouri, presents no particular object of attraction to the eye. On the eastern side, behind the promontory which stretches out into the straits, is the village of Ampelakia, occupying the site of the ancient Salamis, situated in a well-cultivated country. Cottages are dotted over the island, and numbers of very small churches.

On the point of land which lies on the right hand side when entering the harbour of the Piræus, are the graves of some English seamen, which, an inscription on one of the tombs relates, were restored some years ago, after having been desecrated by the natives. Similar disgraceful acts seem again to have been perpetrated, as the marble slabs which formed the sides of one of the tombs have been broken, and some other graves appear a good deal knocked about.

Another morning, having hired one of the gaily-painted little boats with mainmast and small mizen which ply about the harbour of the Piræus for hire, we set sail, with a fresh northerly breeze, for the island of Ægina, or Egĭna as it is now called, in order to visit the ruins of the temple, situated on a hill at the north-east corner of the island. The breeze carried us across the bay in a couple of hours, the distance being about eleven miles, and the native Greek boats capital sailors. On reaching the island we steered for a small cove, where, running the boat up on the shingle, we left it to the care of the boatmen, and clambered up the hill-side in search of the temple. As we had landed a good deal to the south of the ruins, we wandered about for some time without discovering the object of our visit. Few signs of cultivation were visible, scrub and wild thyme covering the rocky ground. On the latter plant are fed numbers of bees, so that the honey of Ægina rivals that of Hymettus. At last we came on a peasant pruning vines in a small vineyard, who answered our inquiries after "to naon" by pointing out the direction to us. Making our way up a rocky hill,

through stunted pines and low shrubs, we at length reached the solitary spot on which stand the ruins of the temple of Minerva, formerly supposed to be the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius.

The sight of one of the most beautiful temples in Greece, situated on a hill commanding a most lovely and interesting view, amply repaid the climb up from the sea-shore to the temple hill. The ruins consist of twenty-two limestone columns of the Doric order, with greater portion of the architrave, while fragments of other columns lie scattered around. From the temple platform the eye looks across the Gulf to the coast of Attica, the Acropolis of Athens, and line of dark-blue hills to the north. The island of Salamis, Acrocorinthus, and the coast of Morea, are seen north and west. South rises the conical hill called "Oros," the mountain where now stands a little chapel dedicated to the prophet Elias. On its summit, Æacus, the King of Ægina, prayed to Jupiter for rain after a long drought. A plentiful shower being sent in answer to his supplication, in gratitude Æacus was worshipped as the son of Jupiter, and a temple erected to the Panhellenian Jove, the "Oros" being

chosen as the site according to the belief of modern archæologists. The temple of the heathen deity has been converted into the chapel of the Christian saint; but now, as in ancient times, the laws of nature remain unaltered, and when the clouds are seen descending on the summit of the Æginetan mountain, rain is expected by the Ægean sailor. From the temple we descended by a shorter route to the cove where our boat lay, and embarking, we sailed quickly away from Ægina. For half an hour the wind carried us merrily along, when it fell, and compelled us to take to the oars. As the sun went down, a nasty cross sea got up, which, breaking continually into the boat, delayed our progress so much that we were six hours making the lighthouse on Lipso, and it was midnight before we were again safe in harbour.

Though the weather was sufficiently moderate to allow us to cruise about in open boats in the upper and sheltered portions of the Gulf, at sea it continued wild and unsettled, with northerly winds, sometimes amounting to a heavy gale. The temperature, too, became very cold; the thermometer ranging between 46° and 56° Fahrenheit, fully

25° lower than the previous week. Winter clothing was therefore donned, and a fire lighted in the saloon of the yacht every evening. This fire was constantly patronised by the two monkeys, who seemed to feel the sudden change in the weather severely, and were continually burning their hands and feet by jumping on to the hot top of the stove.

On the 13th October, though the weather was still wild, we determined to try again and see what sort of voyage we should make of it. Accordingly, we weighed anchor and proceeded to sea with top-masts housed, double reefs in mainsail, storm-jib and boats on deck,—all being made snug to encounter the strong gale which was blowing from the north.

Reaching Cape Colonna in about four hours, we found a large fleet of vessels under double-reefed topsails hove to under shelter of the Cape. Passing within a short distance of this headland, we obtained a fine view of the Temple of Sunium, dedicated to Minerva, the tutelary goddess of Attica. Situated on a high, rocky promontory, its white, marble columns stand out boldly against the

clear, blue sky, and are visible a distance of many miles from the sea. Nine columns now remain standing on the south front, three on the north, and three on the east. To appreciate the picturesqueness of the situation, the Temple should be seen from the sea, as when approached from the land side the appearance is far less striking. When past the shelter of the land, we found the wind so violent that we could make no way against it; so determined to seek for shelter in some of the numerous bays on the east coast of Attica. Beating to windward up the Port Mandri channel we backed across from the long, barren island of Makronisi, the ancient Helena, to the opposite coast of the main, where a semi-circular bay, half a league in breadth from north to south, forms the fine natural harbour called Port Mandri. There we cast anchor in ten fathoms, amongst several other ships similarly windbound.

Embarking in the gig with our guns, we rowed ashore to explore the country, and see if we could find any game among the scrub and pines which clothed the hill-sides. Landing at the head of the bay, we found there a few poor huts forming

the village called Therico, the modern representative of the ancient town of Thoricus. The valley, or small plain, which runs back from the sea-shore at Therico to the pine-clad hill behind, is well cultivated with vines, fruit-trees, and corn. On the side of the hill, at the north side of the bay, we came on the remains of the ancient theatre of Thoricus. It forms an irregular curve, and is built of large bevelled stones, the walls rising to a considerable height. Behind the theatre is a curious covered gallery, the pointed arch being formed of stones approaching horizontally in a manner similar to that seen in the galleries at Tiryns. Climbing up the steep, conical hill above the theatre, we found on the top, ruins of massive masonry hardly distinguishable from the natural rocks, but supposed to be the remains of the Acropolis of the ancient city. Fragments of marble are plentifully scattered about the hill-sides and plain below. Though wild olive, juniper, and other shrubs clothed the hills, we could not find a sign of any sort of game; goats, and a flock of flat-tailed sheep being the only living things visible. To row us back again to the yacht was a hard struggle for the sailors,

as the wind blew with great violence, though the sky was perfectly clear, without a single cloud in it. All that night the weather was fearfully wild, the wind howling dismally through the rigging, and creating a heavy swell even in our sheltered bay.

The following morning, as it still blew a strong gale, we again landed for a walk to the Temple of Minerva at Sunium, a distance of five miles south from Port Mandri. Just across the neck of land which forms the southern side of the bay, at the head of another natural harbour, is a flourishing mining village, which has recently sprung up. This district of Attica, formerly called Laureum, provided the Athenians with silver in the days of Themistocles, but the mines were thought to be exhausted in the time of Strabo. Modern enterprise, has, however, brought to light more hidden treasure; and tall chimneys, emitting volumes of smoke, with rows of miners' cottages, showed that the ancients were mistaken in thinking that no more valuable ore existed in Attica.

Mining speculations have recently become quite the rage at Athens, while the country has been diligently prospected in every direction. Among

the numerous companies started, none, we were told, were more prosperous than that which owned these lead mines near Port Mandri. The smelting furnaces appeared to be at full work, though what was the amount of pure metal obtained to the ton of ore we could not find out. An excellent road has been constructed from these mines across the mountains to Athens, thus opening a new branch of industry, and imparting new life to a country once teeming with life and industry, but which for centuries has lain dreary and deserted. From the mines the road to Sunium keeps along the sea-shore, heaps of scoria from the ancient silver ore covering the ground. The hill which rises on the right is still called Scóri, and many ancient shafts are visible in its side, as well as the modern ones, whence lead and a little silver are now extracted.

The view from the spot where "Tritonia's airy shrine adorns Colonna's cliff," over the numerous islands that stud the sea as far as the eye can reach, is very beautiful, though the temple itself is seen to best advantage from the sea.

When returning on board the "Evadne" that evening, the weather appeared moderating, and a

fine night was succeeded by a soft, balmy morning, with a gentle breeze from the west. Accordingly, at daylight on the 15th we got under weigh, and keeping near the coast of the mainland, passed Port Raphte, three leagues north of Port Mandri, the finest of the many natural harbours on the east coast of Attica. The entrance is marked by a small mountain-island on the summit of which the marble statue, intended to represent one of the Roman Emperors, was distinctly visible through a glass.

Three and a half leagues north of Port Raphte brought us off the centre of the Bay of Marathon, forming a green, crescent-shaped plain backed by rugged mountains, covered with pines, olives, and shrubs. On either side of the plain we could discern the marshes where so many of the Persians perished, in the great battle which decided the fate of Greece four hundred and ninety years before Christ. Under the green mound, between the marshes lie the remains of the one hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell in the battle; of the Persians, six thousand four hundred perished, most of them in the marshes, now overgrown with

reeds and rushes. Through the centre of the plain a stream flows into the bay, passing by the modern village of Marathon. North of the mound are the remains of a square building of white marble, supposed to mark the site of the trophy of Miltiades, the leader of the Athenian army.

From Marathon to Athens the distance by land is twenty-two miles, the road, which crosses a spur of Mount Pentelicus, being one of the prettiest in Greece. The excursion to Marathon and back to Athens can be made in one day by driving to Cephissa and riding the rest of the way, and forms a most enjoyable expedition, one of the first I made on my first visit to Athens.

From the Bay of Marathon, where there is good anchorage, in from seven to eighteen fathoms, we stood across to the long mountainous island of Eubœa or Negropont, one of the most fertile of the Grecian islands. In the narrowest part of the channel, a bridge, fifty fathoms in length, connects the island with the mainland, the ancient name of Euripus being now corrupted into Egripus. A lofty range of mountains forms the backbone of the island, which is over a hundred miles in length, varying

from twenty-eight to four miles in breadth. The mountain slopes, and the plain bordering the sea on the south-eastern side, which we coasted, appeared well timbered and cultivated, and was dotted with villages, villas, and farms. According to accounts I received from two English officers who had spent some weeks shooting in the island, wild boar, deer, woodcock, and other small game are abundant, and few better shooting quarters exist in the Mediterranean than may be found among the woods and mountains of Eubœa.

Tacking across between Cape Doro, the south-eastern point of Eubœa, and the island of Andros, against light, baffling breezes, we were some hours getting through the straits of Silota, or Doro channel. As the last sun which we should behold from Grecian waters set behind the distant mountains of Eubœa, the dead calm, which left us motionless as though at anchor, seemed as if the elements were combined to prevent our departure from the classic shores of Greece.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE SERAGLIO POINT—DEPARTURE OF THE EMPRESS, OF THE FRENCH—ANCHOR IN THE GOLDEN HORN—CONSTANTINOPLE FROM THE BOSPHORUS—WILD DOGS—CHRISTIANS IN THE EAST—MISSERIE'S HOTEL—STAMBOUL—THE BAZAARS—THE SACRIFICIAL LAMB—IMPERIAL STABLES—PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHI—FIRMANS—THE SULTAN GOING TO MOSQUE—DANCING AND HOWLING DERVISHES—THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE—THE DOCKYARDS—ENGLISH CEMETERY AT SCUTARI—THE TURKISH ARMY AND NAVY.

It was not until the morning of the tenth day after leaving the Piræus that we sighted the white minarets of Constantinople, and in a couple of hours more rounded the Seraglio point.

As we glided by, within a stone's throw of the point, it became evident that some great state ceremonial was going on. The gardens of the Seraglio were filled with ladies, dressed in every colour of the rainbow, seated on carpets, while negress slaves held white and crimson umbrellas over their heads to shade them from the sun.

Every turret and tower of the old walls was crowded with Turks, while troops lined the shores of both Europe and Asia, wherever an open space afforded standing room.

Every ship in harbour was gaily dressed out with flags, and the white clothed, red-fezzed sailors of the Imperial Navy manned the yards and lined in the Turkish fashion the decks of every iron-clad and man-of-war in the Bosphorus. As we dropped anchor off the artillery yard at Tophana, salutes thundered from the men-of-war and shore batteries, while the bands struck up "Partant pour la Syrie," in honour of the departure of the Empress of the French, whose yacht steamed rapidly away from the Bosphorus for Alexandria, escorted by the whole fleet of Turkish iron-clads.

Decidedly the best and most luxurious manner of seeing Constantinople is to live on board a yacht in the Bosphorus. Anchored in the Golden Horn, away from the filth and unsavoury odours of Pera, the clean deck of an English yacht affords the best possible point whence to observe, not only the unrivalled beauty of situation of the city of the Sultan, but also the varieties of life and costume,

which can nowhere else be seen to such perfection. The chief traffic of the city is carried on in the narrow waters which divide Europe from Asia, and wash the base of the hills on which stand the various quarters of Stamboul, Galata, Pera, Tophana, and Scutari on the Asiatic shore. From sunrise to sunset the scene was ever lively, ever varying. Caïques of every description were constantly passing, from the crazy old fruit-boats laden with melons, to the gorgeous twelve-oared barge of some rich pasha. Here a caïque, decorated with crimson and gold, flies through the water, impelled by the strong arms of a dozen boatmen, clothed in splendidly embroidered jackets and long, loose white sleeves. In the bottom of the boat are seated, near the stern, half-a-dozen veiled women, in the brightest silk dresses, their dark eyes and fine features just traceable through the thin yashmacks, turned curiously towards the smart little yacht, from the stern of which the English flag almost droops into the water. On the raised place in the stern of the caïque sits, cross-legged, a black-coated, red-capped pasha, the lord and master of the gaily dressed ladies, gravely smoking a

chibouque, or telling his beads, barely raising his eyes to the yacht as he passes. Sometimes, in the absence of their lord, a hideous black eunuch squats in the stern, the protector and the guardian of the morals of the fair Circassians who compose his master's harem. On the other side of the yacht, a caïque of enormous dimensions is slowly impelled by six or eight nearly naked negroes, down whose black faces the perspiration streams as they labour at the heavy oars, extreme poverty visible in their tattered garments and emaciated bodies. A number of peasants are crammed into the boat, of various nationalities and colours, Greek, Turk, and negro, returning to the villages on the Bosphorus from the markets of Stamboul and Pera. Among them are sometimes women and children, but carefully packed into a separate corner of the boat.

The great objects of interest to everybody on board the caïques, whether pasha or peasant, were our two monkeys, who sat on the yacht's bulwarks, grinning and chattering with delight as the good-natured fruit caïquejhes loaded them with melons, figs, or pomegranates, which were eagerly devoured.

Many a dark eye sparkled, and many a yashmack was partially drawn aside, as the delighted children were held up by their mothers to see Kitso and Joey run up the rigging or jump from spar to spar, when any attempt was made to take away their prize; while even the old turbaned Turks from the interior would be heard to utter "Mashallah," as some feat of agility on the part of the monkeys called forth the only expression of astonishment to which a Turk condescends.

The weather during our stay was perfection, bright sunshine and cool nights making the temperature always delightful. The only drawback to living on the yacht consisted in the troops of wild dogs which infest the neighbourhood of the port. As we every night stumbled down the dark, steep, and dirty lanes which descend from the high street at Pera to the landing-place at Tophana, a chorus of yelping curs rushed at us the moment we entered the particular quarter to which they belonged; and though they never dared venture within range of the thick sticks we carried, the fact of being followed by a pack of

angry dogs imparted a feeling of anxiety as to the safety of our calves which was far from making us enjoy the walk. Though the Mussulmans will not destroy the dogs, the Christians have considerably thinned their numbers, notwithstanding which, their mangy and generally mangled bodies are still seen in immense numbers during the daytime, asleep on the pathways and in the streets. At night their howling resounds in every quarter of the town, making darkness anything but a peaceful or quiet time, and putting the nerves, if not the limbs, of pedestrians in considerable danger.

I was surprised to find how few improvements Constantinople can show in the last ten years, and there are few towns which need improvement so much. Though Pera is now partially lit by gas, the state of the streets is still disgraceful; mud, offal, and dogs making the lanes, which do duty for streets, no better than sewers. As for the wretches who infest the streets at night, they are the vilest of the vile, a disgrace to the Christian religion which they profess, and to the Greek nation, to which most of them belong. It

is little to be wondered at that Mohammedans are scarcely ever converted to Christianity, when one comes to experience the fact that the Christians are among the greatest scoundrels in the Ottoman dominions. Among the Greek and Syrian Christians, subjects of the Sultan, as far as a traveller's experiences go, I think that more roguery and lying will be found to exist than among any of those who profess the Mohammedan faith. The new English memorial church, to those who fell in the war with Russia, built on the side of the hill of Pera, forms an important feature among the few architectural improvements which have been made in the Christian quarter. The erection of wooden houses having been forbidden since the last great fire, stone houses are gradually replacing the decayed old wooden buildings, but still the internal appearance of Pera is anything but attractive.

A new hotel would be a great boon to travellers at Constantinople, as the prices charged by "Misserie" are very high, considering the accommodation offered, though that is better than can be obtained at any other hotel in Pera. It is said

that house-rent is enormously high, and that Misserie is far from being a rich or prosperous man. Provisions, as we found out by living on board the yacht, are cheap, and as our bill, when dining at table d'hôte was seven francs a head, and there were sometimes over seventy people at dinner, there must have remained a considerable margin for profit on that item of hotel business.

The opera-house and theatre at Pera do not appear to be much frequented by the Turks, as the few times we went to either house the audience, a very scanty one, was almost exclusively composed of Franks, a few officers being apparently the only Turks present. At Cairo we afterwards found that the contrary was the rule, and that Egyptian pashas were among the best supporters of the opera. At both capitals, the music, vocal as well as instrumental, was decidedly poor, that at Constantinople being perhaps the worst of the two.

In the Turkish quarter of Stamboul many improvements have been made since the fire of 1865, new and wide streets being now completed, running from the landing up to the Government buildings

called the Sublime Porte. At each of the landing-places officials are stationed to preserve order among the crowd of boats which are continually embarking and disembarking passengers, and so well do they manage that there is but little confusion, although the traffic is enormous. The caïques of the ministers and pashas are treated with the utmost deference, other boats being made to clear out of the way.

It was amusing to observe the faces of pashas, caïquejhes, and officials when, in the yacht's boat, we shot up to the landing-place below the Sublime Porte, regardless of pashas or ministers; their expression of disgust plainly showing that they were not yet reconciled to the Christian being allowed to make use of the landing stages formerly reserved for the sole use of the true believer.

A good deal of our time was spent in the bazaars of Stamboul, which form, perhaps, the most attractive part of Constantinople, as they are the most thoroughly Oriental. In the grand bazaar, an assemblage of covered streets lighted through the domed roofs, the usual little vaulted recesses form the shops, each trade occupying an entire street, or

rather gallery. The gates of the bazaar were closed at sunset, and after four P.M. no business appeared to be done, the merchants generally shutting up their little shops and retiring with the keys before that hour. The time which is consumed in haggling over every article before it can be obtained at a fair price is very annoying until one gets used to it, and made the purchase of half-a-dozen articles a long day's business.

Another great nuisance consists in the number of touts, chiefly Jews, who hang about the bazaars and insist on interfering between buyer and seller, under pretence of acting as interpreters. It is quite useless to inform these gentry that their services are not needed, as the expectation of receiving a percentage on everything purchased makes them disregard any remonstrance short of personal violence.

Italian is understood by nearly all the principal merchants, and a few words of English by many of them, so that it is only among the Persian and other merchants from the far East that the services of an interpreter are necessary.

Perfumes, embroidery, and Turkish carpets are

among the few things which cannot be obtained better and cheaper in London than at Stamboul. Jasmin and cherry pipe-stems and fine tobacco are of course specialties of the Turkish capital. Some of the specimens of embroidery shown us were marvels of needle-work, being executed by Turkish and Armenian women. In some instances the prices taken were so low as apparently to allow scanty remuneration for the labour, being little more than the value of the material itself. The prices asked for Persian and Turkey carpets were, however, enormous, though the quality was finer than ever finds its way into the London market.

It was while looking at carpets in one of the khâns or caravansaries, where the merchants from distant parts of the empire store their wares, that we first observed what we took to be pet lambs, marked with red sealing-wax on their horns and foreheads, and decorated with coloured ribbons round their necks. On inquiry we were informed that they were destined for sacrifice at the feast of Bairam, a festival which takes place at the conclusion of Ramazan or Lent. Every head of a family

is required on the occasion of this sacrificial festival to offer up a sheep or a lamb as a propitiatory offering to Allah, the animal being from its birth selected for the purpose, and carefully tended and fed on the best of food. This custom was doubtless derived from the Jews, a race held by the Mohammedans in peculiar abhorrence, but one from whom, nevertheless, many of their customs are derived. The advance of Western civilisation has made the position of the Constantinople Jew far superior to what it used to be, and he can now walk about free from insult, and though still hated is no longer ill-treated.

The various costumes of the East have not yet disappeared from Stamboul; Persian, Turk, Armenian, Arab, Tartar and Indian, being still seen in the various costumes of their nation. Among the better class Turks of Constantinople the old turban and flowing robes are now exchanged for the small red or purple fez, black trousers, and black frock-coat with turned up collar. By the poorer classes, and the old fashioned Turks, the picturesque dress of former times is still worn, and the green turban, which denotes descent from the Prophet, is occasionally

seen on the head of many a ragged old beggar whose poverty compels him to ask alms of the Christian whom he hates in his heart. Shortly after our arrival, we were visited on board the yacht by Hobart Pasha, who kindly gave us a letter to Halil Bey, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, asking him to give us firmans to visit the Imperial stables or other places we might wish to see. Repairing to the Sublime Porte, we inquired through our dragoman for Halil Bey's office, but the amount of difficulty we experienced in finding it would be incredible to anybody not familiar with Turkish character.

First we were directed to one part of the great barrack-like building in which are the Ministers' offices, and then to another part, through long tumble-down corridors where there were enough policemen on duty to form a strong regiment. After numerous inquiries we at last discovered the office of the Under Secretary of State, whom many of the lazy police had declared to be absent from Constantinople, though they must have known perfectly well he was in his office. From Halil Bey we obtained the desired orders, and an official

was sent round with us to see that we obtained admission to the various places.

Immense stables are attached to many of the Sultan's palaces, those we visited being at the new palace of Dolma Baghtchi, where we heard the best of the Imperial stud were kept. Disembarking at the esplanade on which the new palace is built, we proceeded to the stables. An officer of the guard was summoned to escort us round, a duty which he performed with the utmost politeness. The stables contained about two hundred and fifty horses of various breeds, English, French, German, Spanish, Caucasian, and Arab being all well represented.

Among the Arabs were some of the purest and rarest breeds, with pedigrees which could be traced back for more than five centuries. The particular horse on which the Sultan rides when he goes to mosque was pointed out as specially to be noticed, both on account of the peculiar honour reserved for him of bearing on his back the Father of the Faithful, and also on account of his distinguished lineage.

Though the stables were good enough, they were

far from being kept in proper order. The clay flooring exhibited a very uneven surface, while the horses' coats showed a sad want of grooming, such as would disgrace any English stable. After the stables we were shown the large room in which are kept all the imperial horse furniture. Close to the door is a magnificent stuffed black bear, a fitting present to the Sultan from his great northern rival and Imperial brother the Czar.

Some of the trappings and saddles were really gorgeous. Covered with gold, embroidery, pearls, and jewels, they were splendid specimens of Oriental magnificence. As the whole of the state saddles and other paraphernalia which decorated the chargers of some of the late Sultans were carefully preserved, as well as those now in use, the collection included specimens in every variety of fashion, from the tarnished embroidery a hundred years old, to the last new bridle and gold bit of the present Sultan.

The palace of Dolma Baghtchi commands a fine sea view, facing directly towards the Sea of Marmora and Prince's Islands, the favourite resort of the rich Greek and other Christian merchants of

Constantinople. In front of this imperial residence are moored in a line the fleet of ironclads, which the Sultan delights to see from his windows, nor are any other vessels permitted to anchor in front of the palace. The Prussian ship in which the Prince of Prussia arrived at Constantinople a few days after the departure of the French Empress, dropped her anchor just in front of the palace; at which breach of etiquette the Sultan was so much annoyed, that ambassadors and ministers had much ado to pacify him.

As for the other sights of Constantinople, the Mosques of Saint Sophia, of Suleyman the Magnificent, and of Mohammed the Conqueror, the tombs of the Sultans, the Seraglio, and other objects seen by every stranger who visits Stamboul, admission to them can be obtained by a backsheesh to the gate-keepers, the firman which was formerly required being now no longer indispensable.

By the dragomans, travellers will be told that nothing can be seen without a firman, but as they are directly interested in the matter, their statements must not be credited.

The firmans are given gratis by the Ministers of

State to subordinate officials, who charge a price varying in exact proportion to the demand. Hence the dragoman, who receives a percentage from the vendor of the firman, naturally assures the traveller that "he no see anything without firman."

One morning, a Friday, while at breakfast on board the yacht, salutes thundering out from the men-of-war made us run up on deck to see the Sultan on his way to mosque in his state caïque. Ornamented with a golden eagle in the prow, impelled by twenty-eight rowers, and covered with gilding and cloth of gold, the Imperial caïque led the way, followed by three others almost equally gorgeous, containing the great officers of state. During the entire passage from the palace of Dolma Baghtchi to Stamboul the salutes continued, the same ceremony being observed on the return of the royal caïques. The whole scene was picturesque and striking—the gorgeous state caïques, the salutes echoing from hill to hill, the manning of the yards, the gay flags which floated from every ship, and the water covered with caïques crowded with spectators; but that so much powder should be wasted and so much noise made because the Sultan was

going to mosque according to the command of his religion, seemed in our Western eyes absurd. In the East, however, the Sultan is held to be more than man, and is treated with a reverence almost approaching to worship.

We paid a visit to the Dancing Dervishes in the octagonal building of their Tekié at Pera, where one of the strangest of all religious ceremonies is performed by this strange sect of fanatics. From the solemn manner in which the religious rites are observed by the Dervishes, and the grave countenances of those Moslems who witness the ceremonial, it is evident that anything ridiculous in the spectacle of a number of men twirling round like teetotums, their arms held up in the air, and their heads on one side, never strikes either the performers or the spectators, both of whom evidently regard it as an act of worship acceptable to Allah.

The crowd in the little mosque was great, and so was the heat, the inflated bell-shaped garments of the dancers creating a hot and unpleasant current of air, as they rapidly twirled round and round on the polished floor. The long grey-bearded and green-

turbaned chief priest who presided at the ceremony formed the most perfect picture of an Oriental, as, with his hands crossed on his breast, he gravely watched his fellow-dervishes, occasionally clapping his hands in time to the music. At length, as we could stand the atmosphere no longer, we left the mosque with its curious wild music and turning dervishes, down whose pale faces the perspiration was streaming. Besides the Dancing Dervishes, we visited the Tekié of another sect known as the Howling Dervishes, whose religious rites are as strange to the ear as those of the other sects are to the eye. The hideous yells, contortions, and groans of the Howlers, as they gradually work themselves up into a state of frenzy, is much more suggestive of Demon worship than of the worship of God, whose name is continually shrieked out by the writhing fanatics, till their foaming lips can no longer pronounce the name of Allah.

Besides the above-mentioned sects there are many others, some of which are secret, without distinguishing dress, and only known to each other by secret signs.

From the Tekié of the Dervishes we embarked

in a six-oared caïque, which was waiting for us at the bridge across the Golden Horn, ready to convey us to the Sweet Waters of Europe, situated on the little river Kiathana, which flows through a pretty valley into the head of the bay formed by the Bosphorus, and called the Golden Horn. Passing rapidly through a crowd of shipping, we darted under the second bridge between Stamboul and the opposite shore of Pera, and soon found ourselves in a thick fog which would not have disgraced the Thames in November. This feature, new to the gloriously pure air of the Bosphorus, is caused by the number of steam-tugs, cheap passenger-boats, steam-launches, and other coal-consuming craft, which now crowd the narrow waters of the Golden Horn, and cause a black cloud to hang over it like a pall. Emerging from the smoke where the receding shores allowed a current of air to disperse it, we reached the quarter called Tershana, or the Naval Arsenal, where the bay expands into another bay, forming a port within a port. Here are anchored immense numbers of the old sailing three-deckers which formerly formed the Turkish navy. The prow of most of them was decorated with a huge

gilded eagle; but, being useless for modern warfare, they are allowed to rot. On a point projecting into the military harbour stands a palace reserved for the use of the Sultan when he pays a visit to his naval arsenal. On the shores are the buildings for the construction and equipment of the Ottoman navy, and barracks for the seamen and marines. In the dockyard an iron-clad vessel was in course of construction, the first iron-clad ever built in Turkey.

Beyond the dockyard the channel was marked with stakes; and as we got clear of the suburbs, which had hitherto lined either bank, the hill-sides and tops were covered with grave-stones, indicating the various Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish cemeteries. The principal points of attraction at the Sweet Waters are the banks of the river near the châlet-like palace of the Sultan. In the green meadows which stretch on either bank, crowds of people, Turks and Christians, come to spend a day out of town in caïques, in carriages, or on horseback, and amuse themselves by sitting about, eating, drinking coffee, and smoking, until sunset, when they return to town. From the middle of May to the middle

of October the Sweet Waters are a favourite resort of the rank and fashion of Constantinople; and the stranger has there a better chance of seeing the now thinly veiled beauties of the harem, in gilded aroba and gay caïque, than on any other occasion that I know of. To the British visitor to Constantinople the cemetery at Scutari possesses a sad interest, which for many years to come will attract him to the last resting-place of "the soldiers and sailors of the English flotte, who died for their country," according to the inscription on Marochetti's granite monument, erected "by the Queen of England and her people." The ground is now kept in good order by a. guardian appointed and paid by the British Government, and the inscriptions over most of the graves are yet fresh and legible. The figures of the angels at the base of the monolith are finely executed by Marochetti; yet the general effect of he monument is bad, almost as bad as that of the Guards' Memorial in Pall Mall. The beauty of the tuation of the cemetery, on a cliff commanding views of the Sea of Marmora and its islands, the opposite Seraglio Point, Stamboul, Pera, the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus, makes this spot, sacred

to so many of our gallant countrymen, one that will not easily fade from the memory of the traveller.

On the parade-ground near the huge buildings which served for an hospital during the Russian war, we found, as we returned from the cemetery, a portion of the garrison drawn up, consisting of a regiment of Lancers, two regiments of infantry, and some artillery, just about to march off, to form street parties, guards of honour, escorts, &c., for some of the numerous European royalties on a visit to the Sultan; state receptions and farewells being of almost daily occurrence.

An immense improvement on the dress of ten years ago has been made in the Turkish army, and the infantry at least are now well and uniformly clothed; the Zouave dress and the small red fez, with its brass button on the top, looking both comfortable and soldier-like. True, the material is coarse, and exact uniformity of costume is not always preserved; still, anyone who saw, as I did, the Turkish soldier ten years ago cannot fail to remark the improvement which has taken place both in dress and soldier-like bearing. Though much

remains yet to be done in the way of improving the Turkish army, the fact that that army numbers four hundred thousand men makes the military power of Turkey by no means despicable.

The employment of an Englishman to reconstruct the Ottoman navy shows that the Turks are in earnest in their endeavours to keep pace with the times; and should the Sultan be able to keep his too powerful vassal, the Khedive, in check, the death of the "sick man" may yet be far distant.

CHAPTER XV.

DARDANELLES.

GALLIPOLI—CONTRARY WINDS—PESCHIERI BAY—MARSHES—TORTOISES—A RACE—"KITSO"—MOUSSA-KEOI—CULTIVATION—PLOUGHING—GREAT HORNED OWL—CAPE ABYDOS—CHANAK KALEHSI—LONG VOYAGE OF SAILING VESSELS—FORTIFICATIONS OF THE DARDANELLES—MOUNT IDA—ANCHOR IN BESHIKA BAY—ISLAND OF TENEDOS.

AFTER a pleasant week at Constantinople, the anchors were once more hove-up, and on the 26th October, in tow of a tug, we glided quickly away from the Golden Horn.

Slipping off the Seraglio Point we hoisted all sail, and stood out for the Sea of Marmora with a westerly breeze and cloudy sky. Meeting baffling winds and calms in the Sea of Marmora, we were two days making Gallipoli on the European side of the strait of the Dardanelles, having made the run up in exactly half that time.

Gallipoli has a picturesque appearance from the water, with its wooden houses painted in gay

colours and surrounded by gardens and cypress trees, its white minarets and crumbling walls. Huge masses of masonry, which originally formed part of the city walls, have now fallen into the sea, nor does the castle which commands the town and straits appear to be in the best repair. The small harbour was crowded with native craft. The dirty streets, in which Greeks and Jews far outnumber the Turks, the poverty of the bazaars, and the absence of any objects of interest, make an hour or two at Gallipoli quite sufficient for most people.

Attempting to work to windward down the Dardanelles, we met such a storm from the south-south-west, that we had to bear up for the anchorage in Peschieri Bay, and about noon dropped anchor in thirteen fathoms, about half a mile distant from the Asiatic shore. As we could see that tall reeds grew along the edge of the water, we stowed our guns in the cutter in expectation of finding game, and in a very short time after casting anchor landed on the marshy shore, near the mouth of a good-sized river. In the marsh, which extended back from the shore to the cultivated ground at the foot of the hills, we

shot some snipe and found an immense quantity of marsh tortoises and water-snakes, while on the cultivated ground we bagged a few quail. Among the scrub on the hills were some land-tortoises, one of which we carried back on board the yacht, where we intended to try its speed against a marsh-tortoise, which we had also captured. The land-tortoise, however, proved a fine example of the proverbial slowness of its race, and had scarcely crawled a yard before its sharp-clawed and long-tailed opponent, the marsh-tortoise, had reached the winning-post ten yards a-head of its short-tailed brother.

Next morning, as the wind was still contrary, we embarked in the gig and dingy with guns and nets, and rowed off to the mouth of the river, which flowed into the sea about a mile from our anchorage. Pulling the boats over the sand-banks at the mouth of the river we paddled up for about a mile and a-half, when the water became too shallow. It was brackish to the taste, and there were shoals of fish in it, but the meshes of our nets were too large to hold them. Hundreds of the active marsh-tortoises dashed into the

water, disturbed from their sleep on the mud-banks by the passage of our boats, which we left at the point where the river became shallow, and proceeded up the plain through which the stream runs, to see what game we could find in the country.

Throughout the day our monkey "Kitso" followed us as faithfully as a dog, swimming the river after us when we forded it, and climbing up to our shoulders when tired with running about, and jumping from tree to tree in search of nuts. Seeing a peasant approaching us with a donkey laden with melons, he made a dash at the fruit, and before the astonished native had time to interfere, the greater part of one of his ripest melons was crammed into the monkey's pouches.

The upper part of the river's course lay through a most picturesque valley, on either side of which the well-wooded hills rose to a considerable height. On the left side the white houses and minaret of the village of Moussa-Keoi appeared above the oaks which clothed the mountain, while inland a succession of hills stretched back, rising tier above

tier, the white rocks on some of their summits presenting a very curious formation.

The most magnificent old plane-trees grew along the river banks on the plain, with rich grass beneath them. Tobacco, corn, and vetches appeared to be the principal productions of the fields, in which turbaned peasants were at work driving oxen, camels, and asses, yoked together indiscriminately in the primitive wooden ploughs used for turning up the light soil. There seemed to be but little game in the country, as we only shot some blue kingfishers, jays, and quail, and a magnificent specimen of the great horned owl, measuring over five feet from tip to tip of the wings, while the claws were as large as those of the golden eagle. Having been carefully skinned, an operation which took the best part of a day, our specimen was unfortunately washed overboard, in a gale, off the island of Patmos.

After a detention of three days in Peschieri Bay, a change of wind to the north-east enabled us to weigh anchor, and we were soon running past Peschieri Cape, in company with a crowd of other ships with every sail spread, endeavouring, like

ourselves, to make the most of the favourable wind which was then blowing. Rapidly overhauling ship after ship, we soon rounded Cape Abydos on our port side, its large square fort being built on the site of the ancient castle of Abydos, from which Xerxes threw a bridge of boats across to the European shore, a distance of a mile and a quarter. Off Chanak Kalehsi, the Turkish name for the town of the Dardanelles, we hove to, while a boat's crew landed the firman, which every ship is obliged to obtain, on the voyage up, before being permitted to pass on to Constantinople. At Chanak lay the fleet of ironclads which had accompanied the Prince of Prussia on his voyage to the Turkish capital, no ship of war mounting more than four guns being permitted to pass further through the Dardanelles.

Hailing some vessels which lay at anchor waiting for a breeze to pass up the straits, we inquired how long they had been out. From an English barque we received for answer, "Eighty days from Newcastle;" from a German, "Seventy-five days from Bremen," showing what awfully slow sailers are the ships employed to trade between the west and east

of Europe. At Chanak are formidable fortifications, the old castle of Asia on the Asiatic shore, and the old castle of Europe, on the opposite coast. These forts, with their old-fashioned guns throwing marble shot, were, in old times, sufficient to defend the passage to the Capital, but are now quite cut out by the numerous batteries and earthworks which have been recently thrown up on every available point of land on both shores of the Dardanelles. Considerable energy has lately been displayed by the Turks, not only in the repair of their ancient defences, but also in the erection of new fortifications commanding both the narrow water approaches to Constantinople; and the heavy guns of the most approved sort, mounted on them, would make the approach of a hostile fleet, from either the Black Sea or the Mediterranean to the Golden Horn, a matter of no small difficulty, even for our invulnerable iron-clads.

The gay-coloured flags of the various European nations, flying from the flagstaffs in front of their respective consulates, which are situated close to the water's edge, with the white minarets of the mosques, give the town of the Dardanelles a bright

and picturesque appearance from the straits, though, as usual in Turkish towns, the streets are narrow, tortuous, and dirty.

On the return of the boat after landing the firman, we continued our voyage from the Sea of Marmora into the Mediterranean, at the rate of from two to four knots an hour, the rapid current being the chief motive power which carried us along, as the light breeze scarcely filled our sails.

Flocks of the restless little sea-birds, which, ever on the wing, darted up and down the straits, afforded us constant practice in rifle shooting; but so rapid was their flight that they always passed us unharmed, the bullets finding their bed in the echoing cliffs. The Asiatic shore of the Dardanelles is the most picturesque, being well wooded and cultivated near the coast, the hills sloping gradually back to the distant range of Mount Ida.

The European shore is more arid and less cultivated, though presenting many lovely breaks in the cliffs which border the sea, where well wooded valleys run back inland.

In many places Swiss-like villages are seen

among the trees which clothe the sides of the valleys, yet in picturesque beauty neither shore of the Dardanelles can compare with the Bosphorus.

Passing between Cape Hellas on the right or European shore, and Cape Yenishehr, the ancient Sigeum promontory, on the left or Asiatic shore, we reached the open sea just as the setting sun sank below the western horizon. Heavy banks of cloud in the south, and the extraordinary distinctness of distant objects, warned us of stormy weather to come. The bold outlines of Lemnos, Imbros, and Samothrace, and even the conical peak of Mount Athos, nearly a hundred miles distant, stood out black and clear as a fine though stormy-looking sunset was succeeded by the short twilight of approaching night. Throughout the night we lay becalmed a short distance off the coast of the Troad, but early the following morning a light breeze carried us to Beshika Bay, where we dropped anchor in nine fathoms, about half a mile from the shore. As our fresh provisions and water were beginning to run short, the cutter was sent across to the town on the northern point of the island of

Tenedos, where an abundant supply of provisions was obtained, while our water-tanks were replenished from a fountain on the mainland, close to where we lay.

CHAPTER XVI.

TROY.

THE TROAD—START FOR RUINS OF TROY—LAND TORTOISES—PLAIN OF TROY—UJEK-TEPEH—MENDERE OR SCAMANDER RIVER—BOUNARBASHI OR SIMOIS RIVER—KIRK GOUZ, OR THE FORTY SPRINGS—SITE OF TROY—SNIPE MARSH—YERKASSI—BENIGHTED ASHORE—WONDERFUL SNIPE SHOOTING—NATURAL FEATURES OF THE PLAIN OF TROY—THE MOUNDS.

On the morning of November 1st we rowed ashore from our anchorage in Beshika Bay, and landing on the marsh which fringes the northern side, struck off in an easterly direction, taking a straight line for the high mound called Ujek-Tepeh, a most conspicuous landmark from every side.

As we had been told by Hobart Pasha, at Constantinople, that we should find the marshes in the Troad full of snipe and wild duck, while there were partridge and hares in the hills, we carried our guns and cartridges with us, prepared to shoot

our way to and from the Ruins of Troy. The hills, across which our route lay, slope gently back from the marshy shore, cultivated in patches with tobacco and corn, and grazed by flocks of sheep. The shepherds attendant on these flocks were entirely unarmed, proving the peaceful character of the country, and presenting a marked contrast to those we had seen in Greece, whose belts always bristled with pistols. The principal tree of the district is the Valonia oak, valuable for the enormous acorns which it produces, the husk of which is used in tanning, large quantities being gathered for export. Over the hill-side are scattered bright green juniper bushes, the berries of which the country people were collecting, for the purpose of manufacturing some spirituous liquor, probably gin, the juniper berry being an important ingredient in its composition, imparting to it its diuretic qualities. Though the leaf of the plant was of a much brighter green than the common juniper the berry appeared to me to be similar.

Large tortoises crawled about among the scrub in amazing quantities, and many were secured by those of our crew who had accompanied us. They

were immensely pleased at thus easily procuring a stock of what they intended should afford them the treat of excellent tortoise soup on board the yacht.

Some red-legged partridges were bagged, and hares and foxes seen, before reaching the Ujek-Tepeh mound, a hot up-hill walk of over an hour, though the distance was only about three miles from our landing-place.

This mound is situated on the ridge of the hills which divide the plain of Troy from the Ægean Sea, and is distant about four miles from the village of Bounarbashi, close to which are the ruins of Troy. From the summit of the mound which is supposed to be the tumulus of Æsyetes, the look-out station of the Trojans, is obtained the best panoramic view of the Plain of Troy and the surrounding hills, the Dardanelles and the Ægean Sea, with the islands of Tenedos, Lemnos, and Imbros. From Bounarbashi to the entrance of the Dardanelles the Plain of Troy extends in a north westerly direction about eight miles, its average breadth being probably about three miles. The greater part of the plain is covered with swamps and intersected by innumerable streams, nearly dry in summer. The three principal rivers,

the Mendere, the Bounarbashi, and the Kalifatli, contain a considerable amount of water all the year round. The Mendere, the ancient Scamander, rises in a cavern in Mount Ida, and flowing through the centre of the plain, falls into the Dardanelles, close by the town of Koum-Kaleh, its course being marked by the willows which grow along its banks. The Bounarbashi river, the ancient Simois, springs from numerous sources near the village of Bounarbashi, "the head of the waters," and flowing close under the foot of the hills which bound the plain on the west, pours its stream partly into the Mendere and partly, by an artificial channel, into the Ægean Sea, close under Beshika Point. The third river, the Kalifatli, flows along the eastern side of the plain, and empties itself into the lagoons which border the Dardanelles. In rainy weather all three rivers overflow their banks and unite by various channels, which are nearly dry in summer. At the time of our visit no rain had fallen for a fortnight, but the week previous to that had been a wet one, the first rain for many months, so that the rivers flowed well within their banks and were neither very low nor very high.

From the Ujek-Tepeh a walk of about four miles brought us to the Kirk-Gouz, "Forty Springs," by the village of Bounarbashi—sources of the river of the same name. Encased on three sides by marble slabs are two springs, whence the water gushes out, and soon uniting forms a stream, gradually augmented by other rivulets. Further on a larger body of water joins it, flowing from a basin formed of antique masonry, the course of the various streams being marked by the freshest verdure.

Behind the village of Bounarbashi rises an eminence several hundred feet in height, round the base of which on three sides flows the river Mendere. Numerous caverns exist in the rocks, which, abounding with wild bees, have given to this hill the name of Bali-dagh, "Honey-mount."

The excavations which were made in 1864 revealed on this spot traces of ancient walls, and remains of an acropolis of some city of great antiquity, now generally considered by the best authorities to be the Pergamus of Troy. A finer or more commanding site for the ancient city could hardly be selected, and the surrounding

features of the country are found best to agree with the Homeric description of the site of Troy, especially as regards the neighbouring sources of the Bounarbashi river. The great poet, however, speaks of the sources as those of the Scamander, of which the Bounarbashi is only a tributary—an evident poetical licence, as Troy could not well have been far away on Mount Ida, where the Mendere rises, nor can the Bounarbashi river be identical with the Scamander, the latter being spoken of throughout the Iliad as the principal river of the plain, a description which can evidently apply only to the Mendere.

Following down the course of the Bounarbashi river we passed several ancient remains and ruins, and struck across the plain where the stream makes a bend to the left. This part of the plain consisted of sand hills, grass, and nearly dry swamp, beyond which again we came on a good-sized sheet of water, wherein grew tall reeds, with bushes and a deep morass beyond. Wading backwards and forwards through this, with snipe rising on every side, we soon shot away all our stock of cartridges, and re-crossing the Bounarbashi river, struck

across the hills to the west, following a path which led us up to the ruined tower and mosque of Yerkassi. The tower is much the same style of architecture as the old Spanish fort in the Lake at Tunis, and is an exceedingly picturesque old ruin. Beyond the ruined mosque we passed many marble fragments and columns, and a white marble altar without inscription.

Darkness had already set in when we again reached the sea-shore, dreadfully tired with our long day's walk of nearly twenty miles, the greater part over mountains and through swamps.

When leaving the boat in the morning, we had told our crew that they would know when to send for us in the evening by hearing the shots which would announce our arrival. In the excitement of snipe-shooting we had, however, fired away all our ammunition, and not a single cartridge remained amongst the party. Wet and cold we stood on the beach, the yacht half a mile out in the bay and the darkness increasing every minute, while the hope that a boat would be sent off in search of us became fainter and fainter as the night drew on. For some time we thought that all our

lights were useless from having got wet in the swamp, but at last one dry vesuvian was discovered. With it we managed to fire the long grass which covered the dry tussucks in the marsh. Our signal was promptly answered by the arrival of a boat from the yacht, where the general opinion was that we had fallen victims to the ferocity of the natives; brigands, Arabs, and other cut-throats being firmly believed to abound in these outlandish countries.

The following morning we made an early start, provided with a good supply of cartridges, to deal death among the snipe and wild duck while exploring the lower part of the plain of Troy, lying north of the district we left the previous day.

Crossing the hills again, we struck the Bounarbashi below Yerkassi and scattered over the plain, to the east as far as the Mendere, and north to the ruins of Sigeum, frequently up to our armpits in water. So deep was the swamp in places that a sudden plunge would sometimes bring the water up to the neck. One of our party, being of small stature, several times narrowly escaped drowning. His spectacles, which should have rendered the snipe

visible to him, becoming at each plunge covered with mud and water, rendered his expenditure of cartridge quite out of proportion to the number of snipe which fell to his gun. Notwithstanding, however, the peril of drowning, and the fact of our having nothing smaller than No. 5 shot, we managed in four hours to bag fifty couple of snipe, besides losing nearly as many more in the high reeds and bushes. These, with some wild duck, mallard, and teal, made as pretty a day's shooting as any of the five guns who formed our party could wish for. From the immense extent of marsh and the abundance of snipe, any number might be killed with a good supply of small shot; so that the plain of Troy is deserving of a visit from sportsmen quite apart from its historical or mythological interest.

Springs appeared to abound in the marsh, and three or four deeper channels stretched away to the east, becoming gradually shallower until they reached the firm ground bordering the left bank of the Mendere river. Remains of two roads paved with large stones cross the marsh from west to east, the deeper channels being bridged over. A

great part of both roads has, however, disappeared in the swamp, which would be quite impassable for a man on horseback. The channel by which the Bounarbashi is connected with the Mendere contained throughout a depth of water of fully two feet, being above my knees in five or six places where I crossed it. Nor does the artificial canal, which conducts part of the stream into the Ægean, appear to contain nearly so great a body of water as that which forms the Bounarbashi river before the canal sweeps round to the south-west. The water of this river was peculiarly sweet and good to drink, with sound sandy bottom. It appeared to me that the greater part of its course, if not the whole of it, is artificial, the present channel at the base of the hills having been dug or deepened to prevent the constant inundation of the plain. Some system of drainage must have been adopted in the times of the siege of Troy, when armies marched up and down the plain, making it their battle-ground, which in its present state would be simply impossible. That inundations occurred, however, in the time of Homer is more than probable, suggesting to him the idea of the river-god rising from

the Scamander and pursuing Achilles across the plain, till, joined by the Simois, the whole region is deluged.

On our way back to Beshika Bay we followed the valley through which the canal is dug, the numerous Valonia oaks giving it quite a park-like appearance. Whatever may have been the original purpose of the canal, the only use to which the water is now put is to turn the wheel of an old mill situated about half a mile from the sea. By the mill is a large farm-house surrounded by tall poplar-trees and fruit orchards, where numbers of children, flocks of geese, cattle, and well-dressed peasants imparted to the scene an air of comfort and civilisation which was pleasant to see in such a wild country. West of the mill is the mound called Bashik-Tepeh, of much the same size as the Ujek-Tepeh, and forming an equally conspicuous land-mark from the sea. For what purpose these great mounds, which abound in the Troad and are evidently artificial, were raised is now unknown, though excavation has proved that some at least of them marked the place of sepulture of various generations.

At the Kanai-Tepeh were discovered, close to the surface, Turkish tombs, and below them Greek tombs of the fourth century B.C. Below these were layers of a substance found to be calcined bones, and next to the rock on which the whole rested was some earth containing the skeleton of a man. The amount of calcined bones discovered was estimated at twenty-seven thousand cubic feet enclosed within a wall of rough stones. This discovery was made during the excavations carried on by Mr. F. Calvert, brother to the British consul at the Dardanelles.

From the mill the stream flows across the marsh which extends down to the sea-shore, losing part of its water in its progress, for only a small portion finds its way into the Ægean close under Beshika Point. When we crossed this marsh the ground, which was tolerably dry, was frequented by only a few snipe, though a fox and a jackal were seen stealing away through the long reeds. Darkness had again set in before we reached the sea-shore, but the blue-lights with which we had provided ourselves soon made known our whereabouts to those on board, and in a short time the welcome boat

arrived, and we were conveyed, wet and hungry, to the "Evadne," where we dried our clothes, and had dinner in the saloon.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHIOS.

CLASSIC ISLES OF THE ÆGEAN—MITYLENE—DEATH OF ONE OF OUR MONKEYS—HEAVY GALE—VAIN SEARCH FOR ANCHORAGE—HOVE TO—CASTRO—THE PARADISE OF THE LEVANT—PRODUCTIONS OF CHIOS—THE MASTIC—TOWN OF CHIOS, OR CASTRO—ISLAND SCENERY—TRANSPARENCY OF THE WATER IN THE STRAITS—SHARKS—SAMOS—SIEME BAY—MANUFACTURE OF RINGS—PATMOS—RUNNING BEFORE THE GALE—ABSENCE OF LIGHT-HOUSES—DANGERS OF THE ARCHIPELAGO—BECALMED OFF THE EGYPTIAN COAST—REACH ALEXANDRIA HARBOUR.

At daylight of November 3rd we weighed anchor, and standing to sea with wind and tide in our favour, ran down, under all sail, the narrow channel between the little islands of Gadaro and Youkyeri Point on the mainland, the passage between being only three-quarters of a mile in breadth.

As we bowled along before a favourable breeze, with a bright sun above us shining out of a deep blue sky, which reflected its own azure tint in the clear waters around and beneath us, spots un-

rivalled alike in classic interest and picturesque beauty presented themselves on either side.

On our right lay the mountain island, known now, as in the days of Priam, King of Troy, by the name of Tenedos, vineyards and farm-houses extending along its eastern slopes. On our left the ruins of Alexandria-Troas were visible among the oaks which covered the plains and low hills, while the lofty chain of "many-fountained" Ida formed the background, its summits just whitened with the first snows of winter.

As we ran down the coast of lovely Mitylene, a gloom was thrown over the whole yacht by the death of one of our monkeys, occasioned by a too free consumption of vesuvians and lucifer matches, washed down by brandy, curaçoa, or any other spirit it could manage to steal. One day, during our absence from the yacht, this monkey, after devouring an incredible number of things, including a choice collection of butterflies, which it ate, pins and all, with some boxes of pills, managed to get hold of the liqueur case, and was found, on our return, lying dead drunk under the table, with some of the pins which had fastened the butterflies

to pieces of cork, sticking in its cheeks. It never recovered that day's debauch, and poor Joey's wasted body was thrown overboard under the shadow of the green hills of Lesbos. Off the Gulf of Smyrna we exchanged signals with the R. Y. S. steam yacht "Kathleen" bound for that port, and on the second night out hove-to under shelter of Chios, waiting for daylight to pass the narrow channel between the Spalmatori Islands. Throughout the night, which was pitch dark, it blew in heavy squalls, with thunder, lightning, and rain, and the following day a gale from the south-west compelled us to keep under the lee of the land, where we vainly sought for a safe anchorage, the lead finding no bottom at thirty fathoms. During another night of storm and lightning we lay-to under main try-sail and jib, when suddenly, just at daybreak, after a violent squall, the wind flew round to the northward, enabling us to bear up for Castro, which port we reached on the morning of the 6th, and anchored outside the mole, about half a mile from the shore, in sixteen fathoms, very glad to be once more quiet after the ceaseless pitching, rolling, and creaking we had endured during the last two

days. To these troubles was added the annoyance occasioned by the loss of time entailed by the process of lying-to, a loss which we could ill afford, being anxious to reach Egypt in time for the opening of the Suez Canal. Shortly after anchoring, the wind suddenly changed back to the south, and for a whole week we remained unwilling visitors to the island of Scio, which is called the Paradise of the Levant. Castro or Scio, the chief town of the island, was built by the Genoese on the site of the ancient Chios, charmingly situated on the east side of the island. At a short distance behind the town rise the bold rocky mountains which conceal the interior of the country, barren towards their summit, but at their base carefully cultivated in terraces producing olives, peaches, figs, vines, and the other fruits for which Scio is famous. The land between the foot of the mountains and the sea, for some miles around Castro, is covered with villas standing in gardens filled with semi-tropical fruit-trees; orange, lemon, banana, pomegranate, and almond. The most celebrated production of the island is the mastic, from the Syriac word for which Scio is said to have derived its name. The mastic is obtained by

making incisions in the bark of the Lentisk, a shrub which is chiefly cultivated in the level part of the island, lying south of Castro.

Though the town possesses a harbour, it is shallow and badly protected from the weather, and is only frequented by a few merchant ships, the usual anchorage being outside the mole. To the right of the harbour, looking from the sea, a fortress mounting a considerable number of guns extends along the beach, the fresh masonry showing where the old walls have been repaired, a precaution taken to check any revolt among the Greeks, like that recently suppressed in Crete.

On landing, we were surprised to see how clean and well paved the streets were, a contrast to most Turkish towns. The bazaars appeared well stocked with all the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life, though the town is not now, as it once was, one of the principal seats of manufacture in the empire. The island has to some extent recovered from the terrible massacre of 1822, when twenty thousand Sciote Greeks perished; but there are still in the town numbers of ruined houses, and the roofless walls of several villas in the neighbourhood bear

witness of that dreadful act of Turkish cruelty. Moslems and Christians now appear to live together pretty peaceably, the latter forming far the larger portion of the population, as may be seen from the number of Greek and Latin churches, while one mosque suffices for the wants of the few Mohammedan inhabitants. Many of the houses are built in the Italian style, painted with bright colours and trellised with vines, green lattices to the windows, and pointed roofs.

Besides a pure air, an equable and temperate climate, and pretty scenery, the low price of all the necessaries of life adds yet another charm to Castro. Beef and mutton we procured for twopence a pound, while fruit and vegetables were equally cheap.

At a wine store on the quay we purchased some gallons of the famous red Chian wine at the price of two and a half piastres the oke, or about fourpence a gallon. The wine was sweet, and though a little rough, not at all unpalatable, being far superior to the common Greek wines, which are made utterly undrinkable to anybody but a native by the quantity of turpentine which is put into

them, partly to preserve them, and partly to suit the national taste.

An Austrian Lloyd and a Russian steamer touch at Castro every week, so that the island is within easy reach of Europe, and though amusements of any sort are scarce, health and economy might be sought in worse places than "Scio's rocky isle."

Homer's seat is a wild rocky gorge about three miles north of Castro, Chios being one of the places which claims to be the native land of the old poet. Among the low hills behind the town are many beautiful valleys, the rich cultivation of which reminded me of similar scenes among the hills round Nice, the bed of the stream which runs through them affording in both countries the only road.

Donkeys appeared to be the animals in general use as beasts of burden; of carriages or carriage roads I saw no signs.

On Sunday afternoon the whole Christian population of Castro crowded the promenade between the town and the fortress, the men generally dressed in black frock-coats and tall hats, the ladies gorgeous in silks and bonnets. Many of the latter would

have been really pretty had their faces not been so plastered with paint as completely to disfigure them, though no doubt they thought they were making themselves "beautiful for ever." Most of the peasants wore the long red Greek cap, though now and then the round cut fez or white turban of the Turk appeared, the person who wore it generally seated on an ass, gravely smoking a chibouque.

That Englishmen are not often seen in the island was evident from the amount of curiosity occasioned by our presence in the town, though several Greeks came on board our yacht, who spoke English very tolerably, having learnt it at the Greek college established near Castro, an institution of which they appeared to be very proud.

Besides the taxes on the mastic gum and other productions of the land, it would appear that a tax is also levied on the produce of the sea. Wishing one day to purchase fish from some fishermen whose boat was near the "Evadne," they told us in broken Italian that they dared not sell us any, as they were compelled to bring all they caught to market, where a tax was levied on it before a single fish was allowed to be sold.

A peculiarity of the sea between our anchorage and the shore was the extraordinary depth at which the bottom was visible. Often, when paddling about in the dingy, I have looked down through the clear transparent water to where, at a depth of fifty feet below, I saw the long green blades of the sea-grass covering the bottom, among which swam fishes of every shape and colour, while in other places the wavy sand was visible, covered with shells which would have delighted the heart of a collector. Bathing was, however, a luxury which we dared not indulge in, as the ominous back fin of a shark was never long invisible in the neighbourhood of the yacht. Though the islanders called the season winter, so warm and balmy was the air that it was difficult to resist the temptation to plunge into the water, the temperature during our stay at Chios being many degrees higher than when lying at Cowes the previous July.

Notwithstanding the attractions of climate and scenery, the contrary wind and calms which compelled us to remain here grew every day more wearisome, and when, on the morning of the 10th November a moderate breeze sprang up from the

east, and the familiar rattle of the chain cable announced that the anchor was being weighed, the prospect of soon reaching the sunny shores of Egypt quite obliterated any regret we might otherwise have felt at leaving the Paradise of the Levant.

Passing the two little islands which are situated at the southern entrance to the Straits of Chios, called respectively Ass Isle and Horse Isle, we met a southerly wind outside, and were obliged to work up to windward for the island of Samos. As the sun went down, the wind increased, with rain and lightning, compelling us to lie to the north of Nikaria, and await daylight to pass through the Fourni Channel.

The morning's light showed a heavy mass of cloud hanging over Samos, while a strong contrary gale, and glass steadily falling, warned us that it would be useless folly to attempt to beat to windward. We accordingly bore up for Sieme Bay, north side of Cape Bianco, where we anchored in seven fathoms, at a distance of about two miles from the head of the bay. Shortly after we had sought shelter in the bay a large Turkish steamer also dropped her anchor near us, not caring to face

the gale, though of over a thousand tons burthen. Having despatched the cutter to the little town of Sieme in Anatolia, at the head of the bay, in search of fresh provisions, they returned in a few hours with the report that the town was dirty and ruinous, and meat considerably more expensive than at Chios. To judge from the condition of a broad-tailed sheep which was brought on board, the pasturage in the neighbourhood must be far from rich. The mountains behind the town appeared bare and brown, though the promontory which terminates in the white cliffs of Cape Bianco was carefully cultivated with vineyards, olives, and fruit trees. North-west of us we could just distinguish the white houses of Castro, on the other side of the strait, which appears like a lake, from the islands which guard both its northern and southern entrance.

While forced to remain at anchor by these successions of contrary gales, a favourite amusement among both the crew and ourselves was the manufacture of rings from gold and silver coins in the following manner. A hole was first drilled in any coin of about the size of a shilling or a sovereign, and the

point of a handspike inserted into the hole. The edge was then carefully hammered all round with a small hammer, the coin being gradually forced further up the handspike by being pressed against an anvil. The result of four or five hours' hammering, filing, and polishing was in general a handsome silver or gold finger-ring, finished in a style which would not have disgraced a professional jeweller. So popular did the amusement become that the ring of the hammer on the metal was heard continually in every corner of the yacht, and even the monkey was decorated with copper bangles on his paws, an adornment which he appeared much to dislike.

On the morning of our third day's detention in Sieme Bay, the wind suddenly in a squall of rain flew to N.N.W., blowing with equal violence from that quarter, and giving us a lee shore. Both anchors were, therefore, weighed, and double-reefed main and head sails set. As the wind settled down to a strong breeze from the north, the square sail was set, sending us flying across the Gulf of Ephesus to the lofty mountains of Samos, which rose high above our port bow as we entered the narrow channel between that island and Nikaria. The

heavy squalls which blew off the mountain islands on either side of us soon forced us to shorten sail, and drove us rapidly past the uninhabited group of islets called the Fourni Isles to the long and narrow island of Patmos.

This island is a long mountainous rock, barren and bleak, though its projecting cliffs form several excellent natural harbours. On the top of a hill near the centre stands a fortress-like building, with high walls, round the base of which cluster the white houses of a large village. The building forms the Monastery of St. John, where strangers are entertained by the monks, who point out a cave to the north of the town as the spot where St. John wrote the Revelation. Few trees appear on the island, though patches of cultivated ground are scattered along the slopes of the mountain, and white houses are dotted along the cliffs above the scalas or landing places beneath.

As we ran along the coast, about a mile distant from the shore, heavy banks of black cloud rose up to windward, hiding Samos from view, and soon rolling along the hill tops of Patmos. From behind the monastery flashes of lightning, succeeding one

another in rapid succession, with a fast increasing sea, warned us of the coming gale.

The mainsail was, therefore, taken in, and the main trysail set double-reefed. As darkness closed round us the fore-sail was taken in, and the fourth or storm-jib got out. The boats were next secured on deck, and everything moveable firmly lashed, in anticipation of a dirty night. A wild, stormy night we had of it, and an anxious one for our skipper, as we rushed along before the gale, among the innumerable islands which are scattered about this part of the Archipelago. There being no light-houses to warn ships of their danger, had it not been for the bright flashes of lightning, and occasional gleams of moonlight struggling faintly through the storm clouds, the "Evadne" would have had a fair chance of trying the strength of her timbers against the rocky coasts of some of the islands.

The scene in the cabins and saloon the following morning was enough to drive to despair any lover of order and neatness. Everything had been jerked out of its proper place; books, clothes, portmanteaux, chairs, groceries, and biscuit tins plunging wildly from side to side, as the yacht rolled and pitched

through the heavy sea which was then running. We had, however, made such good progress during the night, that, on coming on deck the following morning, the distant hills of Rhodes and Scarpanto, visible far astern, proved that we were at last clear of the dangers of the Archipelago, while the unwonted smile on our skipper's face showed a mind relieved from the weight of care which had hitherto oppressed it.

As the wind slightly moderated, a storm square sail was hoisted, to run the ship away from the heavy following seas which occasionally came curling in over the taffrail, or dashed a few tons of water over the bulwarks, but did us no further injury. As the storm steadily decreased more sail was set, and after a clear night, during which brilliant meteors were continually flashing across the heavens, the third morning found us becalmed in a heavy swell, about six miles distant from the Egyptian coast. We could see palm trees and sand hills by climbing up to the mast head, but —so low is the coast line in the neighbourhood of Alexandria,—from the deck land was invisible.

All day we lay rolling in the heavy swell,

anxiously looking for a tug steamer to take us into harbour, but looking in vain. As the sun mounted to the meridian, and thence declined towards the west, it became evident that none on board the "Evadne" were destined to see the ceremony of opening the Suez Canal, which was fixed for the following day. Our disappointment was increased by the number of steamers which passed us bound east, their decks crowded with passengers, evidently on their way to Port Saïd and the Suez Canal.

During the afternoon we were visited by a little bird with a yellow head, about the size of a wren, which flew on board, and was soon busily employed picking up the flies which swarmed all over the deck. So tame was it that it allowed itself to be caught, and would eat flies out of our hands. Before sunset it flew away towards the east, leaving us still helplessly becalmed.

Hardly had the sun dipped below the heaving ocean when a light breeze sprang up, which would have carried us into harbour; but as no ships can enter Alexandria after dark, we stood off and on during the night. The following morning we were

boarded by an Arab pilot, who steered us safely past the reefs and shoals which obstruct the entrance to Alexandria Harbour, and having received pratique, at midday, on the 17th November, we moored to one of the Pacha's yacht buoys, thus safely ending our long and stormy voyage of twenty-three days from Constantinople.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALEXANDRIA—THE DELTA.

APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN—EFFECTS OF RAIN—TRAVELLERS—NEW FORTIFICATIONS—PROHIBITION OF GUNPOWDER—THE CUSTOM-HOUSE—OUR DRAGOMAN—START FOR NATRON LAKES—THE MAHMOODÍÈH CANAL—DAMANHOOR—MODE OF IRRIGATION—DIFFICULT TRAVELLING—THE SHERASKERAH LAKES—EL HOUSH—WATCHMEN—FELLAH VILLAGES—ABDALLAH THE BEDOUIN—BAD SPORT—RETURN TO ALEXANDRIA—IGNORANCE OF EGYPTIAN DRAGOMANS.

As we remained on board the yacht in Alexandria harbour for a week before proceeding on a shooting excursion into the interior, we made quite long enough acquaintance with the bustling and prosperous, but dirty and stupid, town of Alexandria. The appearance of the city is more Italian than Oriental, and every European language, especially Italian, is as frequently heard in the streets as Arabic. In dirt alone is Alexandria essentially Oriental, being only second to Tunis in that respect.

Constant and heavy showers had fallen for some days before our arrival, and continued for several days afterwards, making the streets almost impassable, so deep was the mud. Laden trucks and carriages might be seen stuck fast in the principal streets, the efforts of men and horses to extricate them only resulting in a separation of the fore from the hind wheels. Foot passengers presented a most ridiculous spectacle, being simply covered with mud, while the white-robed and veiled females seated astride of the splendid Egyptian donkeys were nearly smothered in black filth.

Alexandria being in general the first Oriental city visited by the eastward bound Englishman, the wonderful eccentricities of costume in which the Briton delights to indulge when far from his native land are nowhere displayed to greater advantage. Whenever a Peninsular and Oriental, a Messagerie Impériale, or an Italian steamer from Brindisi arrived in harbour, the streets were shortly afterwards crowded with travellers in nondescript dresses, their heads protected from what they imagined ought to be a hot sun by a white pug-

garee—a precaution which was perfectly unnecessary, as the temperature of the air was excessively chilly.

Mounted on donkeys, a party of young officers on their way to India would gallop helter-skelter through the streets, pursued by that *lusus naturæ* an Egyptian donkey boy, while the more sedate passengers would hurry into carriages and drive off to see Pompey's pillar and Cleopatra's needle before starting off for Cairo or Suez.

A theatre and an opera afford amusement at night to the Frank population. Casinos are numerous, and the usual characteristics of all seaport towns in Europe may be observed at Alexandria. In the large square, in which are the principal hotels, the shops are excellent, and the native bazaars are very tolerable.

The climate is, however, utterly different from that of Cairo, and in winter is far less agreeable. Rain is frequent, and clouds sometimes obscure the sun for days, while fifty miles south or east of the town the usual glorious sunshine of Egypt is uninterrupted by storm or cloud.

Considerable additions are now being made to the

fortifications of Alexandria. Wherever we drove outside the gates, we saw soldiers busily employed digging ditches, repairing old earthworks and erecting new ones, while on every fort and battery heavy guns showed their black muzzles, commanding both land and sea approaches to the city. Whether the intentions of the Khedive are peaceful or not, Alexandria at any rate is being made a place difficult to take, nor, as we afterwards found, is the erection of defensive works at Cairo neglected by the professedly submissive servant of the Sultan.

A great annoyance to most English travellers in Egypt is the fact of the importation of gunpowder into the country being absolutely forbidden. At the custom-house rigorous examination is made of all personal baggage, and all gunpowder is seized, nor will a backsheesh, as used to be the case, enable baggage to pass unopened, spies being employed to watch the custom-house officers, and report any case of bribery. We were told that the reason of this unusually strict prohibition of gunpowder was to prevent the Arabs obtaining ammunition, as, although the Egyptian Fellah, who inhabits the

cultivated country, is peaceful enough, the Bedouins are frequently troublesome.

An order can, however, be obtained through the English Consul to admit a small quantity, and a bribe, if large enough, say two pounds, and properly managed, will obviate the necessity of the baggage visiting the custom-house at all.

To those who arrive at Alexandria in their own yachts, the use of the Government landing-place at the railway-station will be found to be in every respect a great saving of trouble, and being within a couple of hundred yards of the regular passenger station of the Cairo railroad, a long drive through the town is thus avoided.

As some of our party were about to spend the winter on the Nile, small centre-board sailing boats built by Cork of Cowes had been sent out by P. and O. steamer, and were found safely waiting for us at Alexandria. Having been fresh painted and fitted with mast and sails, we amused ourselves cruising about the harbour, which, crowded with ships, mail steamers, men-of-war, and merchant vessels belonging to nearly every nation under the sun, was a much more agreeable and amusing place to spend

the time in, than the muddy streets of the town, which we very soon had enough of.

At the end of a week we had completed our preparations for a shooting excursion through the eastern part of the Delta to the Natron lakes, just one day's journey within the great Desert from the nearest cultivated ground.

From among the numerous dragomans who presented themselves to us on board our yacht, one only professed to have ever visited these lakes, a Syrian Christian, by name Riskallah Assyoun: an assertion on his part which after-events proved to be false, for a more incompetent, useless dragoman it would be difficult to find even at Alexandria, where gentry of this class abound.

Having engaged Riskallah as dragoman we started with tents, guns, baggage &c., mounted on very tolerable horses ourselves, while the baggage was packed on mules. Following the course of the Mahmoodíëh canal, we encamped on its banks the first night. Our rest was considerably disturbed by mosquitoes and a species of small red beetle with a peculiarly venomous bite. A good deal of the country was still inundated by the Nile waters, but

of game of any sort we saw no sign. Cotton, indigo, sugar-cane, rice, and Indian corn covered the land on either side of the canal, promising a most luxuriant crop. From Damanhoor, the capital of the northern province called El Bahayuh, we struck off eastward towards El Housh, a large town on the edge of the Desert.

A short distance from Damanhoor our progress became a work of no small difficulty, owing to the system of irrigation used in the Delta. The path lay along the banks of one of the small canals which conduct water from the branches of the Nile to the country lying east and west. Wherever a rice field or a cotton plantation appeared to need irrigation, the natives had cut through the path, so as to allow the water to flow out of the canal, an easy mode of irrigation, but one which interfered sadly with our progress, an almost impassable swamp being created, into which our unfortunate baggage mules sank up to their necks. No less than eight times in one day did our mules sink so deeply into the mud and water, that every single package had to be taken off their backs, and replaced when they had floundered through to the

other side, a proceeding which consumed an immense amount of time and trouble, and caused the mule-drivers to shed copious tears, the usual resort of Egyptians on every occasion in which they find themselves in any sort of difficulty. Instead of assisting us, our dragoman joined in the universal lamentations of the muleteers, and did all he could to make us return. At last, by great exertions on our own part, assisted by a Bedouin Arab who accompanied us as guide, we got safely to the borders of the cultivated country, beyond which the fertilizing waters of the Nile never reach during the inundation, and encamped about two miles from the town of El Housh, in the neighbourhood of the large sheets of water south of Lake Mareotis, known as the Sheraskerah lakes.

The country through which we passed between Damanhoor and El Housh was intersected with swamps, in which the long reeds would have afforded cover to any number of wild fowl, yet half-a-dozen ducks and a few snipe were all we saw. In the rice fields were the usual white paddy bird, which is sometimes mistaken for the ibis, a bird which is now nearly extinct in Egypt. These, with

blue and black-and-white kingfishers, were all the birds we saw. The cane, cotton, indigo, and rice fields were succeeded by large plantations of Indian corn, which grew more and more stunted as we approached the Desert. The numerous mud villages which we passed were all built on artificial hills, so as to keep them above water during the inundations. The doors and holes which admitted light were all faced inwards, thus making a sort of fortified village entered through a mud arch, so contrived to avoid the thieving Bedouins. The Sheikh of the village nearest to which we encamped, being held responsible for our safety, sent two or three men every night to keep watch round our tents. They were armed with old guns, which they took delight in firing off at intervals during the night to warn off the Bedouins and keep up their own courage. Abject poverty was visible in one and all of these wretched villages, from the small domed mud cabin and ruinous mud mosque without minaret to the ragged fellah, male and female, and the naked children who ran out as we passed, screaming for backsheesh. Being on the edge of the Desert, El Housh has a certain amount of trade

with the Bedouins from the interior, whose black tents and flocks of camels and sheep were scattered over the surrounding plain, grazing on the scrub and scanty herbage. Some poor bazaars, mosques, and indifferent houses form the town of El Housh, which, lying out of the beaten track, is seldom visited by travellers. The tall date palms which rise above the houses, the pepper and other trees, give the place an extremely picturesque appearance from a little distance, increased by the mirage, which makes the houses and palms appear as though suspended in mid air. On the Sheraskerah lakes we found there were no reeds, and therefore had no chance of getting near the few wild fowl which we saw on the water. In some swamps, where bulrushes and papyrus grew thickly, we shot snipe and wild-duck, but had to wade up to our necks in water to get at them. Our Bedouin guide, by name Abdallah, had much the best of us on these occasions, as his only dress consisted of a loose white linen shirt and burnouse, which were quickly stripped off and secured to his white felt skull-cap. When divested of clothing, his copper-coloured limbs were exhibited to perfection. Many of the Bedouin Arabs are fine,

handsome men, far above the average height, but Abdallah was almost perfect both in form and feature. Entertaining a profound contempt for our dragoman, he was constantly repeating, "Riskallah battál' (Riskallah is good for nothing), an opinion in which we quite agreed with him: but when he went on to say, "Abdallah kateer backsheesh," we perceived that our friend's motives were mercenary, and a certain coldness was manifested on both sides at parting, owing to the different views we respectively took of the word kateer, or plenty.

From El Housh to the Wady Atroon, as the Natron Valley is called by the Arabs, is a journey of ten hours, which must be performed on camels, as the entire distance is desert, without water. An agreement must also be made with some Bedouin Sheikh to act as escort, as the journey being through the Bedouin country, unless under their protection it is not safe to attempt it.

From a sporting native of El Housh we learn that our visit was made at the wrong time of the year, as when so much water was out over the country, it was impossible to obtain any wild-fowl shooting. At an earlier period, when there is no

water except in the Nile itself, the swamps and lakes where we had obtained such poor sport swarmed with wild-fowl. Such, we were assured, we should equally find to be the case at the Natron Lakes, where, in April, the shooting is wonderful. Another reason against continuing our journey to these lakes was because our dragoman refused to proceed any further; the prospect of having to send away the horses and mules, and to proceed on camels under Bedouin escort, being more than his nerves could stand. Although we could have got on quite as well without such a useless incumbrance as he had proved himself to be, we were anxious to reach Cairo before the rush of people returning from the opening of the canal had secured the best Dahabeahs, or Nile boats. Accordingly, after being two days encamped at El Housh, which the glorious beauty of the weather made most enjoyable, we struck our tents, and once more bent our steps towards Damanhoor.

Following a different road from the one we had come by, we encountered fewer difficulties in the way of swamps, having only to unload our baggage mules three times. At the railway station at

Damanhoor we just hit on a train from Cairo to Alexandria. Jumping into it, we were conveyed in a few hours to the latter town, and the yacht's boat meeting us at the Government railway wharf, we were soon once more on the deck of the "Evadne."

The following morning we had the happiness of seeing our dragoman conveyed to prison, where he spent three days, a slight atonement for the inconvenience to which he had put us by his incapability and ignorance of the country.

Though no climate in the world is so well adapted for life under canvas as that of the dry Egyptian winter, it is extremely difficult to find any dragoman who has the smallest knowledge of the country out of the regular beaten track of the Nile valley. The Natron Lakes, the Oases, and other interesting spots, are as little known to most of the Egyptian dragomans as is Abyssinia, and of the Bedouins they have the most ridiculous dread. Some few are, however, enterprising and brave, among whom was my old dragoman, Giovanni Ravazzano, whose murder, together with his whole party, two years ago, on the borders of Abyssinia, I heard of at Cairo with great

regret. The day after our return from shooting at El Housh, we took the train for Cairo, and driving to the new hotel in the Usbekah, were soon comfortably lodged in that fine establishment.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAIRO.

CHANGED ASPECT OF CAIRO—RISE IN PRICES—PROPOSED KURSAAL—REFORM—SUGAR FACTORY—PUNISHMENT OF MILL HANDS—FORCED LABOUR—THE VICEROY AS A LANDLORD—DAHABEAHS—WILD-FOWL SHOOTING IN UPPER EGYPT—THE PYRAMIDS—BAZAARS IN CAIRO—PLEASURES OF A TRIP UP THE NILE—SLEEPING VISIONS AND WAKING REALITIES.

So entirely changed is the Frank quarter of Cairo, that I could scarcely recognise a single feature of the town with which, in 1860, I was familiar.

The great square called the Usbekah, formerly a wilderness of trees and flowers, is now laid out in the French style, divided by roads into small squares and diamonds, and decorated with kiosks and lamps. Palaces, opera-house, theatre, huge hotel, French shops and houses, all are new within the last nine years. Much has been added to the social attractions of the town, in the European quarter at least, but the picturesque Oriental features of Cairo have

disappeared for ever. The prices of everything have increased enormously. The regular charge at the hotels, which was formerly ten shillings, is now sixteen shillings per diem. During our visit we were obliged to pay a sovereign a day for board and lodging, the prices having been raised owing to the multitude of people who had flocked to Egypt to witness the ceremony of opening the Suez canal.

Boats for the trip up the Nile are now charged at the rate of 60*l.* to 150*l.* a month; formerly the cost was from 30*l.* to 60*l.* A dragoman would formerly contract to pay all expenses for a party of three travellers for twenty-five to thirty shillings a head; the usual price is now forty to forty-five shillings. If prices continue to rise as rapidly as they have done the last few years Egypt will soon become beyond the means of any but millionnaires.

The fact of the Indian passengers being now conveyed direct from Alexandria to Suez, without passing through Cairo, as was formerly the case, has inflicted great loss on the company who built the immense New Hotel, which is said to be anything but a profitable concern. A report was current in

Cairo that the hotel was in the hands of a certain rich banker who was endeavouring to induce the Viceroy to purchase the building with the view of establishing a gaming-house, which should take the place of the German Kursaals, shortly to be suppressed.

There are already an immense number of adventurers at Cairo of various European nations, but chiefly Frenchmen, who live by what they make out of the Viceroy; nor are fair but frail adventuresses wanting. Should gambling, banished from Europe, become established at Cairo, the society of the Egyptian capital will certainly not be the most respectable in the world.

Western civilization having broken down the strict laws of the Mohammedan religion among the upper classes in Egypt, every vice of the Christian is now found in the Moslem, who, like all who have thrown off previous restraints, appears completely to out-Herod Herod.

We had heard a good deal, before arriving in Egypt, of the liberal reforms granted by the Viceroy, the Constitution, and the suppression of forced labour. What we ourselves saw and heard while

in the country, hardly came within our ideas of reform. Enlarging on Mr. Lowe's plan of collecting the taxes six months in advance, the Viceroy proposes to recoup himself for the enormous expense incurred by the ceremonies attending the opening of the canal by collecting the taxes five years in advance. At the Viceroy's private sugar-mills, the natives are not only compelled to work without pay, but have also to provide their own food. Should the mill hands prove refractory, justice is administered in a most original manner. On the occasion of my travelling companions visiting the works, they saw in a back-yard a number of natives lying flat on their stomachs on the ground, while the overseer was belabouring their naked backs with a heavy leather strap.

Forty thousand fellahs are said to be now kept at forced labour on some new canal in course of construction.

The Viceroy being not only Khedive, but also absolute landowner of the greater part of Egypt, occasionally sells some part of his vast estate at considerable profit to himself, if not to the purchaser.

In the neighbourhood of El Housh, I observed a large extent of country on which traces of former cultivation were apparent, but which was rapidly becoming desert for want of irrigation. On inquiring whether the inundations of the Nile ever extended over that district, I was informed that formerly such was the case, but that a year ago the Viceroy had sold the land, and since then the waters of the Nile had been turned in a different direction in order to fertilize more acres for the Viceroy; it being in his power to turn the waters in whatever direction he chooses, in reality, if not confessedly.

The finest Dahabeahs on the Nile, which are for hire, are those just built by the English dentist of the Viceroy, Mr. Broadway, formerly in a Scotch regiment. At a cost of about seventeen hundred pounds each, he has completed four Dahabeahs, which let for an average of five hundred pounds each for the four months of the Nile season,—not bad interest on the money invested.

The wild-fowl shooting in the Nile valley has fallen off very much of late years, the wild geese having been this past winter particularly scarce.

On the marshes in the neighbourhood of Edfou, in Upper Egypt, where wild geese were formerly met with in thousands, no sport was obtained this winter by our own party, or by other travellers who passed the winter on the Nile. The greatly increased number of tourists who now shoot along the banks of the river, has, I think, caused the great falling off in the sport which can now be obtained, rather than the wholesale destruction of birds by an English nobleman, to whom the decrease in the number of wild fowl frequenting the valley of the Nile is in Egypt generally attributed.

A bridge is now about to be constructed across the Nile, from Boulac to the western bank, which will complete the carriage road between Cairo and the Pyramids of Geezeh.

A drive in a comfortable carriage along an excellent road, shaded on either side by trees, is now the luxurious but unromantic manner in which the great Pyramid of Cheops is reached. Cafés are established close to the foot of the pyramids, and an hotel is in course of construction under the very shadow of the mightiest monument of the past in the world. Such is the march of civilization in

Egypt, that the pyramids are about as romantic as Richmond or Greenwich.

Into old Cairo alone, modern improvement has not yet penetrated, and the bazaars are yet among the most Oriental of Oriental bazaars. The turbaned men, the veiled women, the wild Bedouins, horses, donkeys, camels, and mules still crowd the narrow covered streets. Crazy dervishes and blear-eyed, fly-devoured beggars still demand rather than ask for alms. The grave Turk still sits in his little box counting his beads, and waiting patiently till Allah sends him a customer. Small china cups of coffee, in their little brass holders, are still handed round by the merchants to their customers. Cries of "Oh ah, Howagee! Oh ah, Effendi! Oh ah, ya Walled!" yet resound through the narrow passages as the camel or donkey drivers exhort the Franks, the Turks, or the juvenile natives to get out of the way.

In fact, the bazaars of Cairo afford still, as they used formerly to do, in my humble opinion, the best studies of Eastern life, manners, and customs in the whole of the near East.

The climate of Egypt lends a charm to a winter's

residence in the country, which I think few who have experienced it can ever forget. The everlasting sunshine, the blue skies, the sunsets with their glorious after-glow, the total separation from all the cares and troubles of civilized life, the magnificent ruins, the sport,—all combined to make a four months' excursion up the Nile to Wady Halfa the most enjoyable time I ever passed. In my sleep I again imagine myself on board our Dahabeah—the rushing, roaring cataract past—arriving at beautiful Phylæ on a warm, balmy January evening. I wake and find myself obliged to get up for an early field-day on a frosty English May morning.

THE END.

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